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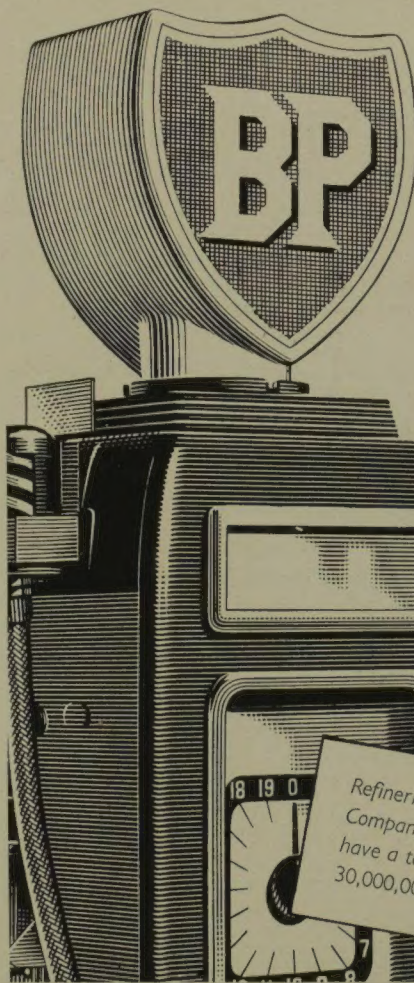


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| 1949 STANDARD 18 Vanguard Saloon. | 1948 STANDARD 8 Tourer. |
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| 1949 VAUXHALL Wyvern Saloon. | 1948 SUN/TALBOT 10 Saloon. |
| 1948 ARMSTRONG 16 Lancaster. | 1948 SUN/TALBOT "90" Saloon. |
| 1948 AUSTIN 28 Sheerline Saloon. | 1948 TRIUMPH 14 Saloon. |
| 1948 HILLMAN 10 Saloon. | 1948 VAUXHALL 12 Saloon. |
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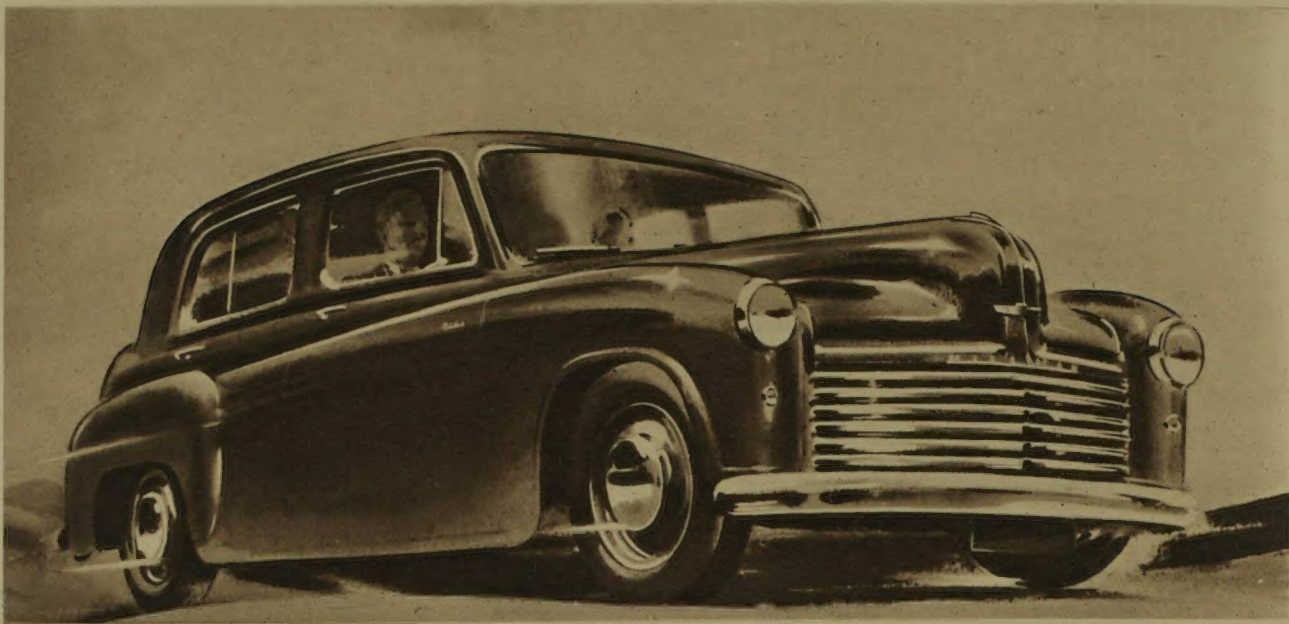
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"SHE WAS EVER SO OBLIGING..."

She even obliged me to follow her example and have an **AGA**"

A TRUE AND ENCHANTING STORY

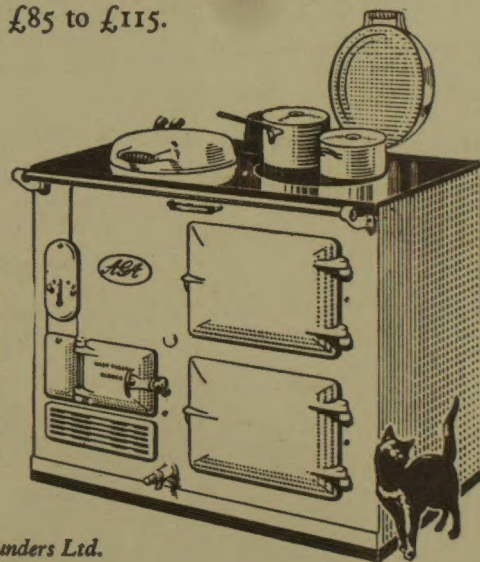


"Mrs. B—, who is my very obliging domestic help, saved her earnings for years and bought an Aga," relates a new Aga owner in Surrey. "I didn't have one at first! And every day I'd hear, 'Now ma'm if you had an Aga'... there'd be plenty of hot water any time... or no fuss about lighting up and waiting... or no dirty cooker to clean, no black pots and pans, a spotless kitchen... or food cooked better and almost without watching, a cosy kitchen always. At last my husband and I investigated. We discovered that the Aga does all the cooking and heats lashings of water, enough for 3 baths and all household uses, yet burns only a shilling's worth or less of fuel a day. When we discovered what a lot of money the Aga saves, we changed to the Aga. We are so very glad we did!"

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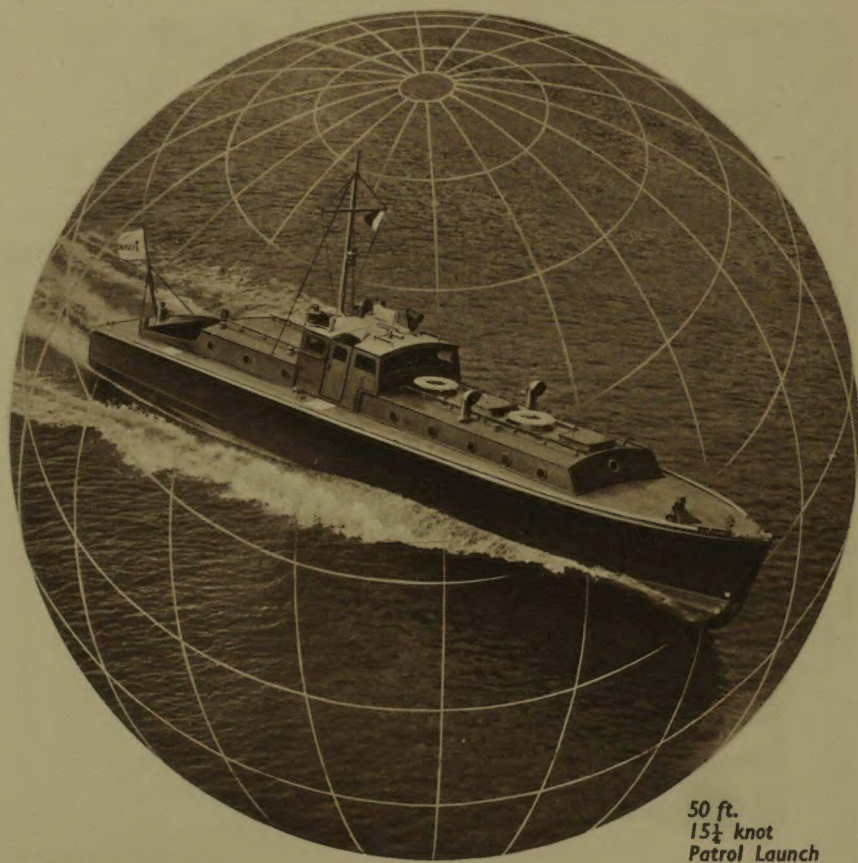
The man who sells tyres knows what's best for your purpose. It matters little to him which make you buy. But it does matter that he satisfies his customers. That's why he'll be glad to guide your choice—and why you can trust his recommendation.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1950.



ROYAL RACEGOERS AT ROYAL ASCOT: A VIEW OF THE ROYAL BOX DURING AN EXCITING MOMENT ON GOLD CUP DAY, SHOWING (RIGHT TO LEFT) THE QUEEN, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE KING, WITH (BEHIND HIS MAJESTY) PRINCESS MARGARET.

Gold Cup Day (June 15) proved to be the most elegant day of Royal Ascot; and all things combined to make it a great occasion. There was brilliant sunshine and the King and Queen drove down the course in State before the first race. They left before the last race, but the remainder of the Royal party stayed to the end. There was an exciting day's racing, the Gold Cup being won by the English bred, owned and trained *Supertello*, which started at 10 to 1 and was one of the four

English-bred runners in a field which contained eight French-bred and one American horse. Mr. Churchill's horse, *Colonist II.*, ran fourth, the second and third being Mme. Forget's *Bagheera* and Mr. Toulemonde's *Alindrake*. The much-fancied *Marveil II.* was unplaced, and it was a bad day for backers, as in the King Edward VII. Stakes *Prince Simon*, which started at 8 to 1 on, could only run second to the outsider, *Babu's Pet*. Other photographs of Royal Ascot appear overleaf.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Duke of Wellington—it was during a peaceful Sunday, at Stratfieldsaye, in an early Victorian June—remarked that the natural state of mankind was war. After citing current happenings in Spain, Greece and Afghanistan as proofs of this, he recalled two hill-forts in India within gunshot of one another. During his early days in that country, he said, they used, perpetually and without reason, to fire on each other: "I was obliged to tell them I would take them both." Most of the Duke's recorded remarks contain a strong, and frequently unpalatable, tincture of truth; and this one, I am afraid, is no exception. We are a quarrelsome species!

Those of us who want to prevent wars—and one would think that any sane man or woman who has lived through the last four decades would fall automatically in that category—must bear this in mind. The cause of war is not fundamentally political or economic: it is psychological. The surest way to eliminate war is to improve the character of human beings. Legal or semi-legal institutions, like U.N.O. or the former League of Nations, may prove a useful machinery in the hands of good men. But in the hands of bad men they are no protection against war at all. And there are a great many bad men in the world: men, that is, who are greedy, uncharitable, jealous, self-righteous, malicious, untruthful, resentful, opinionated and ill-tempered. Indeed, most of us, at one time or another, are one or other of these and sometimes, perhaps, all of them together. The task of outlawing war is, therefore, a formidable one. It begins at home.

All true civilisation is, for this reason, a process of education—an attempt to make better human beings: human beings, that is, less likely to torment and destroy one another. It involves a widespread and constant discipline, self-mastery and restraint. I sometimes think that if I had to create a world in which war was least likely to arise, I should people it with professional British soldiers and sailors, since these, of all the men and women I have encountered, are by and large the best-disciplined, most self-controlled and the most sensible, restrained and unselfish. I know this runs counter to everything that is believed, or at any rate that used to be believed, in intellectual and progressive circles.

Yet, so far as my own observation goes, I should reckon the society of Camberley as less quarrelsome than that of Bloomsbury. And, in a comparative world, both are probably far less so than that of the Kremlin. Even the most intolerant dogmatist among our mild English intellectual pundits would almost certainly shrink from sending a deviationist, however detested his opinions, to a torture-chamber or a Siberian labour-camp. The elect in Moscow appear to have no such qualms.

On the whole, I doubt if a better system of education for making peaceably-minded citizens has ever been devised than that evolved in the course of centuries by the ruling-class—the late ruling-class, that is—of this country. There is much to be said against the public-school system; there is much, indeed, to

be said against any institution that is made or operated by human beings. But in a world where everything is relative there seems, too, a tremendous amount to be said for it. Its supreme virtue is that it takes the rough edges off ordinary men without destroying or repressing their personalities. It is ruthless towards the extremer forms of conceit, self-assertion, unsociability and selfishness. But, subject to these taboos, it lives and lets live. It puts the *ego* in its place, but it does not liquidate the *ego*. It tends to create men who can exercise authority and still be unassuming, self-restrained, just and kindly. That is a tremendous achievement. For though it may be a long way removed from an ideal conception of

our shorter hours and greater benefits will avail nothing, for they will be swept away in some new, and this time probably disastrous, orgy of bloodshed and destruction. The public school is not, of course, the only means for creating the required mixture of moderation, common sense, goodwill, robustness and co-operative capacity, but it seems a sufficiently well-proved one to be worth both maintaining and extending. I should like to see the principle of the boarding-school far more widely applied to our educational system, and without distinction of class and financial means. It has already been applied to the most unpromising and unfortunate class of all. One often hears the Borstal system criticised and even derided,

but there is many a good and valuable Englishman who can look back to a Borstal school as the turning-point in his life. There are boarding-schools, too, which owe nothing to wealth or social influence, like the Gordon Boys' Home, which are turning out citizens with all the virtues which we have come to associate with rich and ancient educational foundations. If we can achieve such results on a democratic basis on a small scale, we can do it on a large.

In the voluntary sphere, and within the limits of a part-time activity, the Boy Scouts, too, have been doing something of the same kind ever since that great humanist and educationist, General Baden-Powell, founded them after the Boer War. They have not only been doing so for young Britons, but for boys and girls of other races. If there were a hundred, or even a thousand times more Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in the world, the cause of peace would be the stronger. Particularly if they were allowed to flourish freely on the other side of the iron curtain.

Perhaps the most practical way of all to achieve the desired result would be by a wise and constructive use of our National Service training scheme. That scheme is paradoxically being attacked to-day by both the older-fashioned type of pacifist and the older-fashioned type of militarist. It is being attacked both ideologically and technically: ideologically because it compels young men to bear arms, and

technically because it does not train them as well in arms as did a voluntary, long-service Army. Personally I have always taken the view that universal National Service should be regarded as a part of our educational system rather than as a part of our defence system.

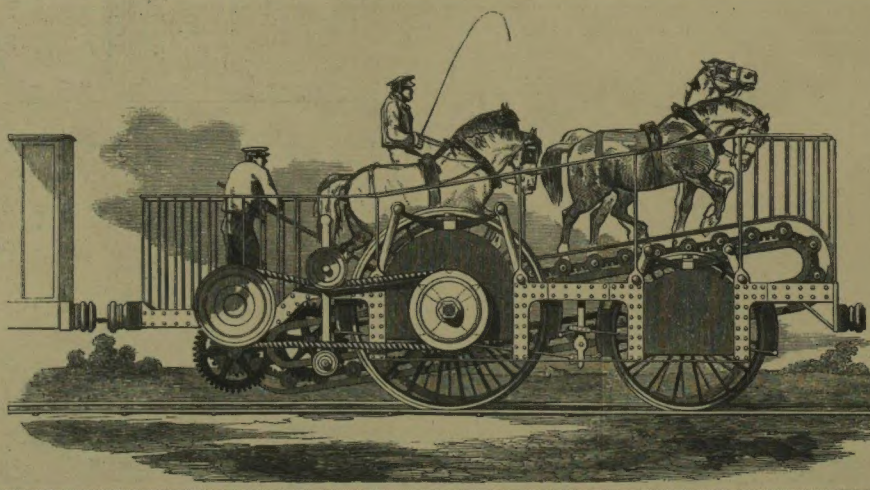
During the war I once urged on this page that, if permanent conscription should be adopted, as I hoped, on its conclusion, training should be carried out in the Dominions and centred round the control and servicing either of ships or of aircraft, accompanied by such basic military or Home Guard drill as might be necessary to provide a disciplined reserve for a short-time professional Army. Remembering the transformation effected by the Services for millions in the two world wars—the discipline, self-control, comradeship and sense of responsibility so engendered—I believe that such training, in the hands of men of imagination and vision, might be of immeasurable benefit to ourselves and all mankind.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JUNE 22, 1850.



PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851, TO BE ERECTED IN HYDE PARK. THIS DESIGN WAS LATER REJECTED IN FAVOUR OF JOSEPH PAXTON'S CRYSTAL PALACE.

"The building to be erected for the Great Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, to be held in Hyde-park, in 1851, has at length been decided on by the Building Committee, and confirmed by the Commissioners. Our prospective Engraving gives a faithful representation of what this monster edifice will be when built, though representations and works will give to the mind no idea of the enormous space in length and width, the building will cover. As comparison is, probably, the best test that can be adopted, we may state that the building will be more than four times the length of either Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, or York Minster, and that it will be in width more than double the width of St. Paul's or York Minster at the transepts. . . . The cupola will be 11 ft. in diameter larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome, and 45 ft. larger in diameter than that of St. Paul's . . ."



A "FOUR-HORSEPOWER" LOCOMOTIVE EXHIBITED EXPERIMENTALLY UPON THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY: THE PATENT IMPULSORIA.

"This ingenious means of applying animal power to the working of railways, so as to supersede the costly locomotive engine, has lately been invented in Italy, and exhibited experimentally upon the South-Western Railway. It consists in introducing the animals into a kind of coach, called Impulsoria, by which they transmit their acting power to the leading wheels. This transmission is conveyed by a very simple means, rendering useful both the driving power of the animals and their own weight. . . . The new machine, whose inventor is Signor Clemente Masserano . . . has been brought from Italy to England, and deposited at the Nine-elms terminus of the South-Western Railway, where it may be seen working on the line. . . ."

society, a historian cannot help being aware of how rarely in history anything as good has been achieved. George Santayana was not far wrong when he wrote of England and the rulers of Englishmen in the Edwardian heyday: "Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him." And since those words were written events have made them seem the truer.*

To make kindly, just, honourable and peaceably disposed men who can hold their own in a world where so many in control are none of these things; there is the educational and political problem—for it is both—confronting us. If we fail to solve it, our advances in democracy, our boasted social services,

* "Soliloquies in England (The British Character)." By George Santayana. (Constable.)



ROYAL ASCOT AT ITS SUNNIEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE BEST—WITH GREY TOPPERS, PRETTY FROCKS AND GAY HATS TRIUMPHANT: A VIEW OF THE PADDOCK ON GOLD CUP DAY, WHICH THE WEATHER AND THE RACING COMBINED TO MAKE THE MOST ELEGANT AND EXCITING OF THE FOUR DAYS OF ROYAL ASCOT.



ROYAL ASCOT IN THE RAIN—WITH GREY TOPPERS DEFIANT, BUT MACKINTOSHES, UMBRELLAS AND STOUT SHOES DOMINANT: A VIEW OF THE PADDOCK ON HUNT CUP DAY.

ROYAL ASCOT IN SUNSHINE AND STORM: VAGARIES OF THE WEATHER AT ENGLISH RACING'S GREATEST SOCIAL OCCASION.

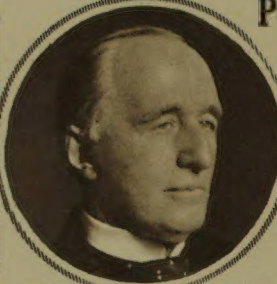
Perhaps more than any other social occasion Royal Ascot is dependent for its charm and its elegance on the vagaries of the weather. The first day—Ascot Stakes Day—June 13, was not especially sunny, but it was cool, and the thunderstorms which threatened to break did not do so. Crowded enclosures and stands doffed hats and cheered as the Royal procession drove down the course; and the party in the Royal box included their Majesties, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Royal. Mr. Blagrave's *Honorable II* won the Ascot Stakes, starting at 100 to 7, and it was a bad day for backers until

the last race, which *Palestine* won at 7 to 4 on. The second day—Hunt Cup Day—was marked by heavy rain, the Royal drive was cancelled and the Royal party arrived by car. The Royal Hunt Cup was won by Mr. J. V. Rank's *Hyperbole*, which started at 10 to 1. The third day—Gold Cup Day—was one of brilliant sunshine—a picture of the Royal box on this occasion appears on our frontispiece—and the Gold Cup race saw an unexpected victory for an English horse, *Supertello*. On the fourth day, the chief race—the Wokingham Stakes—was won by Mr. H. E. Morriss' *Blue Book*, which started at 100 to 6, from *Angelico* and *Spartan Sacrifice*.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE RT. REV. EDWARD M. GRESFORD JONES.
Nominated as Bishop of St. Albans in place of the Rt. Rev. Philip Henry Lloyd, who has resigned. The Rt. Rev. E. M. Gresford Jones has been Bishop Suffragan of Willesden and Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopgate, since 1942. He was ordained in 1926.



THE EARL OF MALMESBURY.
Died on June 12, aged seventy-seven. He was the fifth Earl, succeeding his father in 1899. A prominent Freemason, he was Senior Grand Warden, 1904-5, and since 1923 had been Provincial Grand Master of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. His extensive library was sold at Christie's during the spring.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK AND VISCONTRESS ANSON, A NIECE OF THE QUEEN.
The engagement has been announced recently between Prince Georg of Denmark, son of Prince Axel and Princess Margaretha of Denmark, and Viscountess Anson, daughter of Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon and of the late Mr. John Bowes-Lyon, a niece of the Queen. Prince Georg, who is second cousin to King Frederik of Denmark, is acting Military Attaché to the Royal Danish Embassy in London.



MR. STEPHEN GWYNN.
Died in Dublin on June 11, aged eighty-six. Well known as a man of letters, he was also Nationalist Member for Galway City from 1906 to 1918. In 1898 his first book appeared, a translation of De Musset's Comedies. Altogether he wrote over fifty books, including verses, essays, and a number of biographies.



LORD HUTCHISON OF MONTROSE.
Died on June 13, aged 76. A soldier and politician, he was a prominent figure in the Liberal Party; and was Chief Liberal Whip from 1926 to 1930, and Hon. Treasurer of the Liberal National Organisation. From 1935-38 he was Paymaster-General.



MR. J. G. N. STRAUSS.
Unanimously elected Parliamentary Leader of the South African United Party in succession to General Smuts, who retired from the office of Leader of the Party on account of his serious illness. Mr. Strauss, a former Minister of Agriculture, has been acting Leader of the Opposition during General Smuts's illness.



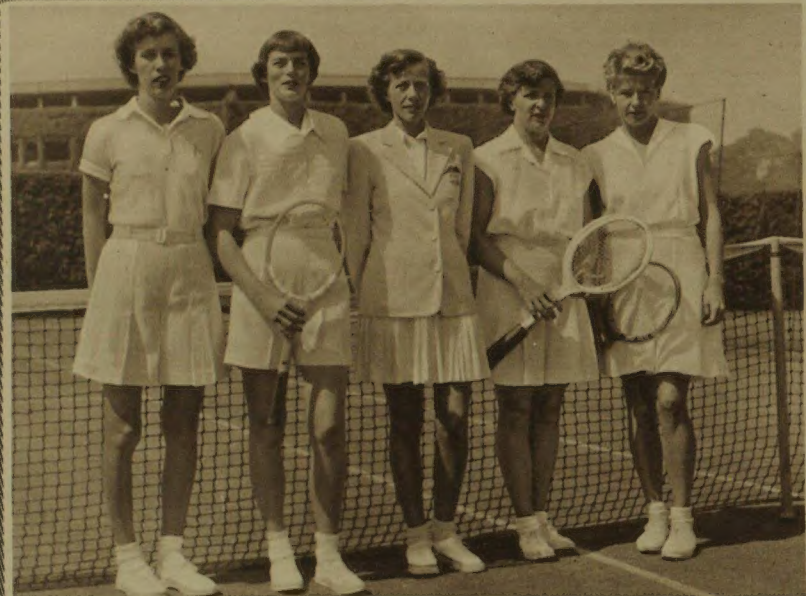
MR. GEOFF DUKE.
Riding a Norton, Mr. Geoff Duke, twenty-seven-year-old motor-cycle rider from St. Helens, Lancashire, won the Senior Tourist Trophy motor-cycle race in the Isle of Man on June 9 at the record speed of 92.27 m.p.h. The previous record, 90.75 m.p.h., was established in 1939. He also broke the lap record.



H.H. THE SULTAN OF PERAK.
Is at present visiting England and has been attending all the season's major sporting events as well as visiting the museums, etc., in London. He was received in audience by H.M. the King on June 7, and on the following day watched the Trooping the Colour. He hopes to stay in this country until August.



MR. HUGH LYON.
Headmaster of Rugby from 1931 to 1948, has been appointed Director of the recently reorganised Public Schools Appointments Bureau. The work of the Bureau, which provides information to schools about careers, will be continued. The reconstituted council includes representatives of industry and commerce.



THE AMERICAN TEAM WHO HAVE RETAINED THE WIGHTMAN CUP FOR THE U.S.A.: (L. TO R.) MISS DORIS HART; MRS. PAT TODD; MRS. M. BUCK (NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN); MRS. MARGARET DU PONT AND MISS LOUISE BROUGH.
The most important women's lawn tennis test of the year—the Wightman Cup—was held at Wimbledon on June 16 and 17, when an all-star American team defeated the British team. The United States won all three matches on the first day, and then went on to win the four matches on the second day, thus winning the whole event.
(Continued opposite.)



THE WIGHTMAN CUP: THE DEFEATED BRITISH TEAM, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MISS K. TUCKEY; MRS. JOY MOTTRAM; MRS. B. HILTON; MISS J. QUERTIER; MISS P. J. CURRY AND MRS. J. WALKER-SMITH.
(Continued.) by seven to none. The only set that was won for Britain was gained by Mrs. B. E. Hilton, the only player that did tolerably well on the first day, who gloriously won the first set from Miss A. L. Brough, who, however, went on to win the match by 2-6, 6-2, 7-5. The United States have now won this cup for the 15th consecutive time.



THE PRESIDENT-FOUNDER OF THE INDIVIDUALIST MOVEMENT: SIR ERNEST BENN.
Sir Ernest Benn celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday on June 25. On June 22 an anniversary luncheon was arranged to be held in his honour, and in commemoration of the first twenty-five years of the Individualist Movement, of which he is the president-founder. Sir Ernest is a well-known London publisher, and the author of a number of publications on political questions.



SQDN.-LDR. H. A. MARSH.
Manager of the Cierva Autogiro Company and the chief test pilot, he lost his life on June 13 when a Cierva Air Horse helicopter crashed near Southampton during a test flight. Sqn.-Ldr. F. J. Cable, chief rotary-wing test pilot of the Ministry of Supply, and Mr. J. Unsworth, Cierva's flight engineer, were also killed.



SIR HAROLD CACCIA.
Appointed civilian High Commissioner in Austria, his appointment to take effect not later than August 1. Sir Harold Caccia, who will succeed Major-Gen. T. J. W. Winterton, is at present his Majesty's Minister at Vienna. He will combine the duties of British High Commissioner and his Majesty's diplomatic representative.



AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR JOHN SLESSOR.
Promoted to the rank of Marshal of the Royal Air Force. Sir John Slessor, who is fifty-three, succeeded Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder as Chief of the Air Staff on January 1. He was previously Commandant of the Imperial Defence College.



M. NAÏDEN K. NIKOLOV.
Presented his Letters of Credence as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Bulgaria to the King at Buckingham Palace on June 9. A lawyer by profession, he was appointed Bulgarian Minister to Moscow in April, 1946, and became Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. in June, 1948.



THE DEATH OF THE VICTOR OF THE RIVER PLATE: ADMIRAL SIR HENRY HARWOOD.
Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, K.C.B., O.B.E., who died on June 9, became a cadet in *Britannia* in 1903, and was Commodore Commanding the South American Division in 1939. He was promoted Rear-Admiral after his conduct of the River Plate action (December, 1939) had driven the *Grif Spee* into Montevideo, where she scuttled herself. In 1945 he retired with the rank of Admiral.

QUEEN MARY AS PATRON—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE, AND ROYAL OCCASIONS AT ELSINORE AND ROME.



(ABOVE.) QUEEN MARY ADMIRES THE DOLL OF CHRISTINE BRIARS, A DEAF AND DUMB CHILD PATIENT AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL: AN INCIDENT DURING THE VISIT WITH WHICH HER MAJESTY MARKED THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER BECOMING PRESIDENT OF THE HOSPITAL.

On June 15 Queen Mary visited the London Hospital, in Whitechapel, to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of her appointment as the hospital's president. Her presidency ended with the introduction of the National Health Act, and she is now, with the King, one of the hospital's patrons. During her visit she met more than 100 members of the staff who have served throughout the twenty-five years, and she was photographed with them in the courtyard of the hospital in front of the statue of Queen Alexandra. During her two-hour visit she went into four wards and saw about sixty of the 600 patients. She was welcomed by the chairman of the Board of Governors, Sir John Mann, who presented to her the matron, Miss Clare Alexander, the house governor, the senior surgeon and the chairman of the medical committee.

(RIGHT.) A BIRTHDAY OCCASION AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL: QUEEN MARY, PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER BECOMING PRESIDENT OF THE HOSPITAL, WITH MORE THAN 100 OF THE STAFF WHO HAVE BEEN AT THE HOSPITAL THROUGHOUT THE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.



A ROYAL GIFT FOR A LUCKY GIRL: ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD SARAH WATERS ADMIRES THE GLASS MINIATURES WHICH SHE HAS BEEN GIVEN BY A FELLOW-ENTHUSIAST FOR VICTORIAN GLASS AND CHINA—QUEEN MARY, WHOSE COVERING LETTER CAN BE SEEN, BOTTOM, LEFT.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK PREPARE TO MEET "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK": KING FREDERIK AND QUEEN INGRID TAKE THEIR SEATS AT KRONBORG CASTLE FOR THE OLD VIC PERFORMANCE OF "HAMLET."

The pre-war Danish custom of inviting distinguished foreign companies to perform "Hamlet" in the courtyard of Kronborg Castle, at Elsinore, was revived on June 7, when the Old Vic Company, with Mr. Michael Redgrave as the Prince, went to Elsinore and filled the great courtyard with a noble version of Shakespeare's greatest tragedy.



KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS AND HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESSE DE RETHY, LEAVING THE PAPAL APARTMENTS AT ROME AFTER THE KING'S RECENT PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS.

On June 12, King Leopold of the Belgians, who has been visiting Rome with his wife, the Princesse de Réthy, on a private Holy Year visit, on the morning of June 12 had a private audience with the Pope. The audience took place in the Pope's library. Our photograph shows them leaving after the audience.



PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE WITH FIXED BAYONETS AND COLOURS FLYING: THE ROYAL FUSILIERS (CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT) ON THEIR WAY TO ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.

On June 11 twenty-five Colours of battalions of The Royal Fusiliers no longer active were paraded at the Tower of London, and carried through the City to be laid up in the Regimental chapel in St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn Viaduct. The Regiment exercised its privilege of marching through the City with "drums beating, Colours flying, and bayonets fixed," and is shown passing the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor stood on the balcony beside the Duchess of Kent.



A DISASTER IN WHICH FOUR PERSONS WERE DROWNED: THE SPILLWAY AGAINST WHICH A SMALL CABIN CRUISER (BACKGROUND) WAS TRAPPED ON THE ALLEGHENY RIVER.

On June 10 a small cabin cruiser, during a moonlight trip, missed the lock on the Allegheny River, near Pittsburgh, U.S.A., and was swept over the spillway, where it was trapped in a raging torrent. Efforts were made to rescue the eight occupants by boat, airship and seaplane without success, until at dawn on June 11 a stern-wheel tug was driven against the face of the spillway and the four survivors were taken aboard. Our photograph shows the cabin cruiser in the background.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIR-LINER AT LONDON AIRPORT FOR THE FIRST TIME: A VIEW OF THE GIANT AIRCRAFT AT THE COMPLETION OF ITS FORTY-FOURTH FLIGHT.

The Bristol Brabazon landed for the first time away from its home base at Filton, Bristol, on June 15 when it completed its forty-fourth flight by touching-down at London Airport. It was due to give demonstration flights on the following day before returning to Filton. Thousands of airport staff and spectators watched the unusual sight of this 130-ton aircraft coming in to land.

ON LAND, WATER AND IN THE AIR: NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA HERE AND ABROAD.



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, LAND FORCES, WESTERN UNION, AT GOSPORT: GENERAL JEAN DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY WITH THE MAYOR OF GOSPORT BESIDE A DD TANK.

On June 6 General de Lattre de Tassigny visited the Amphibious Wing, 7th Royal Tank Regiment, at Gosport to see the various amphibious vehicles and craft used by the Wing and to watch a demonstration of their capabilities at Stokes Bay. After the demonstration General de Lattre met Councillor C. B. Osborn, Mayor of Gosport. After visiting H.M.S. Dolphin Submarine Depot he lunched with the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, in H.M.S. Victory and later visited H.M.S. Vernon.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH THREE WERE KILLED: THE WRECKAGE OF A CIERVA AIR HORSE HELICOPTER BEING EXAMINED BY A MASKED FIREMAN.

On June 13 a Cierva Air Horse helicopter, on a test flight from Southampton Airport, crashed on a farm five miles away and the three occupants were killed. They were Squadron Leader H. A. Marsh, Cierva's manager and chief test pilot, Squadron Leader F. J. Cable, chief rotary-wing test pilot of the Ministry of Supply, and Mr. J. Unsworth, Cierva's flight engineer. The Air Horse is one of the largest helicopters in the world and can carry twenty-four passengers.



BRITAIN'S FIRST JET-PROPELLED NIGHT FIGHTER NOW IN PRODUCTION: THE METEOR N.F.II WHICH PROVIDES ACCOMMODATION FOR A RADAR OPERATOR.

It was announced on June 12 that the R.A.F.'s first jet-propelled night fighter is now in production and is known as the Meteor N.F.II. Designed and produced by Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft, it appears to be a combination of the Meteor VII, two-seater trainer and the Meteor VIII, designed and built by the Gloster Aircraft Company.

WASHINGTON FROM TEN THOUSAND FEET UP: A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "MAGIC EYE" OF THE U.S.A.F.



INDICATING THE POSITIONS OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON MONUMENT, UNION STATION, NATIONAL AIRPORT AND OTHER IMPORTANT POINTS: THE KEY TO OUR REMARKABLE AIR VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE new U.S.A.F. camera with which this aerial view of Washington, D.C., on the Potomac River, was obtained is a development for reconnaissance tests. It was mounted in a B-17 bomber flying at a height of 10,000 ft. when the picture was taken. At this altitude the distance covered is twenty-six miles, but it can be increased by a corresponding elevation of the aircraft. The District of Columbia, first settled in 1790, was ceded by the State of Maryland to the U.S. as a site for the national capital, and was established under Acts of Congress in 1790 and 1791. The area of D.C. is 69,245 square miles, eight square miles being inland water and a portion of the District embracing 6654 acres is known as the City of Washington, the Federal Capital, but that is a geographical distinction only. The fine original plan prepared by Major Pierre C. L'Enfant (1755-1825), under the supervision of President Washington, has, in the main, been preserved. Streets, alphabetically named, run east and west, and others, named numerically, north and south, and avenues called after various States radiate from the Capitol and the White House, or traverse the city. Washington is divided into four parts by North Capitol, East Capitol and South Capitol Streets and the Mall parkway which intersect at the Capitol. The many monuments include the Washington Obelisk, in white Maryland stone. In 1814, during the second war with Great Britain, the British forces burnt the Capitol, the President's house, some public offices and the Navy Yard.



THE FEDERAL CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NEW U.S.A.F. "HORIZON-TO-HORIZON" CAMERA (USING AN INFRA-RED FILM) MOUNTED IN A B-17 BOMBER FLYING AT 10,000 FT. ABOVE THE CITY: A REMARKABLE AIR VIEW OF WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, U.S.A.

THE MASTER DRAUGHTSMEN OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

"THE PAINTINGS OF HANS HOLBEIN"; By PAUL GANZ. "DÜRER AND HIS TIMES"; By WILHELM WAETZOLDT.*
An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

TO most people the name of Hans Holbein suggests a few great oil paintings and a number of drawings of heads unrivalled, in point of quantity and quality, by those of anybody before George Richmond. Mr. Ganz, in this new Phaidon book, shows other aspects of him: he didn't really spend his whole

He couldn't have done it on his looks: he must have had an overwhelming personality.

The Holbein Phaidon volume is a collection of reproductions and a catalogue with a brief explanatory introduction: the Dürer volume is an illustrated biography. In the first paragraph the author is obliged

to admit that Dürer was not, by descent, a German. Beethoven was *van* Beethoven, not *von* Beethoven; Haydn was a Croat, Mozart was an Austrian, Mendelssohn was a Jew, the (to me unreadable) philosopher Kant was a Scotsman, born in Königsberg; and Dürer was really a Hungarian. I wonder sometimes whether Germany has ever produced anything

For Dürer was one of those rare men who are grateful for everything that God has given us. He looked at animal, mineral and vegetable and was astonished at the beauty of all of them: not grumbling, not complaining, but sheerly delighting.

One more paragraph from Dr. Waetzoldt: "We will cast one more glance back over the religious work of Dürer. He possessed neither the serene balance of Raphael nor the sad sweetness of Leonardo. Dürer's being was as remote from Michelangelo's 'terribilità' as it was from the ecstasy of Grünewald. Dürer did not—like many Renaissance artists—sacrifice soul to form, nor did he—like many Gothic artists—rend form asunder in order to liberate the soul. Dürer's form is a soulful form; it is neither a gift from heaven nor a form borrowed from Italy. Dürer's form is a fruit wrung from the northern soil by dint of care and struggle—and it bears the imprint of the labour which it cost."

I can't make head or tail of it. But I shall take



HAND-STUDIES FOR THE PAINTING "THE YOUNG JESUS WITH THE DOCTORS": BY ALBRECHT DÜRER, 1506. BRUSH DRAWING IN INDIAN INK, HEIGHTENED WITH WHITE, ON BLUE PAPER. BRUNSWICK, HAUSMANN COLLECTION.
Reproduced from the book "Dürer and His Times"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Phaidon Press, Ltd.

time painting the foul face of King Henry VIII. or the worried or conscience-stricken faces of that King's subjects and wives. Before he settled down to recording for us (fortunately) Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, the Duke of Norfolk and the poet Surrey, Sir Nicholas Carew and Sir Bryan Tuke (every one of them looking grim and introspective, which suggests that the painter himself was not, let us say, temperamentally akin to Franz Hals), he produced religious paintings, of which indeed there are 57 reproductions in this volume. They show traces of Flemish and of Italian influences: but, especially the great "Crucifixion," they are unmistakably Holbein. He was a superb realist. Dr. Ganz says: "Even to-day, and despite the fact that his monumental paintings have been lost, the art of Holbein offers us an abundance of unusually beautiful works which exemplify his artistic aims, so that he has every right to be counted amongst the greatest masters of all times and of all schools. His art is a synthesis of strict realism and a feeling for the beauty of form and the harmony of proportions. It endows every one of his works with an inner tension and an external equilibrium, which combine to produce the highest degree of artistic effect. His supremacy does not lie in the wealth of his invention or in a sharply-defined temperament, but in the faithful reproduction of everything visible and in the cleverness which enabled him to accomplish every task in the manner most suited to its purpose." Let no reader suppose that I have quoted that passage either for the beauty of the prose or because of the light it sheds on the subject: to me it is all just vague Teutonic nonsense. But Dr. Ganz, with his reproductions and his careful catalogue, unveils a greater Holbein than we knew before (for in England we knew only the English Holbein), and for that we must be grateful to him.

Holbein the man remains a puzzle. Dr. Ganz says: "Holbein's biography is a dry recital of facts, revealing almost nothing of his personality, his character, his family life or his relations with his fellow-men in general. Although he twice left his family behind, the first time for two years, and the second time for twelve, we possess no letters or other writings of his which would enable us to form an estimate of his character." I can't make any sense out of that paragraph, either: but I do share Dr. Ganz's bewilderment as to Holbein's character. There is that extremely sensitive painter, whose work embodies reflections from Matsys, from da Vinci, and even from El Greco, and who yet couldn't keep away from the gross beast, Henry VIII., hovering around him like a moth around the flame of a candle. That cold-blooded King must have fascinated artists as he fascinated women, and even Venetian Ambassadors.

except warriors and destroyers: "the Prussian," said somebody in the French National Assembly, "is a military animal and to him war is a national industry."

But we must give this to them. They may afflict us with wars, but they are able to write the dullest books in the world about the artists whom (with the solitary exception of Goethe, who took a dim view of Germany) they cannot produce.

Listen to this: "The original home of the Dürer family was in the no longer existing village of Eytas (Aytös), near the town of Gyula, about forty miles from Grosswardein (Nagy Vurad). The name Dürer is derived from the name of the village—Eytas means door (Tür), Dürer's father signed himself 'Türer'; his coat-of-arms and his son's travelling-seal show an open door. But although the Dürers came from Hungary it does not follow that they were of Magyar blood. Scholars like Georg Habich and Ferdinand Laban have described the long-haired head of the wooden model for Hans Schwarz' Dürer medal (Brunswick) as a type inexplicable without a strain of Magyar blood, but one cannot help asking whether they would really have detected in this head the 'unmistakable' features of a herdsman from the steppes, if they had known nothing of the Hungarian provenance of the Dürer family."

Frankly, this sort of thing sends me to sleep; I take refuge in the pictures. How lovely they are! The enigmatic Holbein could do his jobs perfectly: but Dürer had love in his heart. He drew a bunch of violets, he drew a columbine, he drew a viper's bugloss, he drew squirrels, and he drew a young hare. Long years ago I had a reproduction of that young hare hanging up in the hall of a house in which I was then living. The secretary of the local "Fur and Feather Club" stared at it and said: "Well, we'd give that one a prize." The secretary of the local Allotment Holders might have said the same thing about Dürer's drawing of a cabbage.



"THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS"; BY HANS HOLBEIN, 1520-21. THE INNER SIDE OF THE RIGHT SHUTTER OF THE OBERRIED ALTAR-PIECE IN UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, FREIBURG-IM-BREISGAU CATHEDRAL.
Reproduced from the book "The Paintings of Hans Holbein"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Phaidon Press, Ltd.

an enduring pleasure in the pictures, and must once more congratulate the Phaidon Press on producing beautiful volumes at small expense.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 998 of this issue.

* "The Paintings of Hans Holbein." First Complete Edition, by Paul Ganz. Illustrated. (Phaidon Press; £2 2s.)

"Dürer and His Times." By Wilhelm Waetzoldt. Illustrated. (Phaidon Press; 30s.)

RECALLING THE HIGHLAND DIVISION'S HEROISM: SAINT VALÉRY-EN-CAUX TEN YEARS AFTER.



REMEMBERING THE HIGHLAND DIVISION'S HEROIC STAND AT ST. VALÉRY-EN-CAUX: THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE MILITARY CEMETERY, WITH THE PIPERS OF THE BLACK WATCH.



ST. VALÉRY TO-DAY, SEEN FROM THE EAST CLIFF—COMPARE PICTURE BELOW. THE MEMORIALS TO THE HIGHLAND DIVISION AND THE 2ND FRENCH CAVALRY DIVISION STAND ON THE CLIFFS.



LAYING A WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE NEWLY-UNVEILED MEMORIAL TO THE HIGHLAND DIVISION: MAJOR GENERAL R. K. ARBUTHNOTT, THE PRESENT COMMANDER OF THE DIVISION.



ST. VALÉRY AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR AND PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE WESTERN OF THE TWO CLIFFS WHICH FRAME THE TOWN: THIS VIEW SHOULD BE COMPARED WITH THAT IMMEDIATELY ABOVE, IN WHICH THE CLOSELY-GROUPED QUAYSIDE HOUSES APPEAR ONLY AS THE LEVEL DESOLATION OF WAR.



THE ST. VALÉRY MEMORIAL: A GRANITE MONOLITH BEARING THE DIVISIONAL SIGN. MAJOR-GENERAL ARBUTHNOTT READING THE LESSON, WITH (LEFT) THE REV. A. D. DUFF, A SENIOR DIVISIONAL PADRE WHO WAS AT ST. VALÉRY IN 1940.

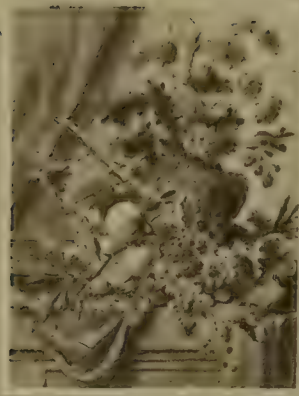
On the week-end June 10-11, St. Valéry-en-Caux was the scene of a number of ceremonies commemorating the heroic stand in 1940 of the 51st (Highland) Division under the late Major-General Fortune, and of the 2nd French Cavalry Division. The main ceremony took place on the Sunday and consisted in the simultaneous unveiling (on the two cliffs which flank the town) of the two memorials, that of the 2nd French Cavalry Division being of stone from the Vosges, that of the Highland Division being a granite monolith from near Balmoral, bearing the Divisional sign and a Gaelic inscription meaning "Friends are good in the day of battle." Major-General



WITH CHILDREN STANDING AT THE HEADS OF THE GRAVES: BUGLERS OF THE BLACK WATCH SOUND "LAST POST" IN THE MILITARY CEMETERY AT ST. VALÉRY, DURING THE RECENT MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.

D. N. Wimberley (who commanded the Division at El Alamein) spoke at the ceremony. Other ceremonies during the week-end included the unveiling by the Marchioness of Huntly of gates to the military cemetery provided by public subscription in north-east Scotland, the presentation of a cheque for £7500 to the town from the same subscribers, and the bestowal of the Croix de Guerre on the town itself. It will be recalled that St. Valéry was liberated by the 51st (Highland) Division on September 2, 1944; and as the Mayor said: "St. Valéry is not only our town. She is also your town, and when you are here you Scots are at home."

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ALMOST my only qualification—if any—for writing about roses is that I know so little about them; or, rather, that I know so few kinds—intimately.

If I were steeped to the marrow in all the many hundreds of roses that there are, the newest hybrid teas, the polyanthas, the climbers, the ramblers and the rest, where could I begin? Even as it is, with my few favourites, I shall scarcely know where to end.

Among the roses that I like best of all are two very little ones: "Rose de Meaux" and "Mme. Cécile Brunner." Both grew in our kitchen garden in the days when I was not quite as tall as a walking-stick. They were my favourites then, and my liking for them has grown steadily ever since. "Rose de Meaux" is a perfect miniature of the old cabbage rose. The same rather flat, wide-open, "cabbage" flowers, pure rose in colour, and with the pure, true rose fragrance, but in size little larger than a half-crown. The bush reaches only a couple of feet in height. "Rose de Meaux" contents itself with one crop of flowers only—in June. Then finish. It should be grown on its own roots, not grafted or budded, so that it may send up its own suckers and form a colony of "Rose de Meaux" shoots, and not a forest of briar suckers. The best way to prune it is to cut out the older growths each year, directly after flowering, cutting them at ground level. This encourages fresh stems to push up to flower the following June. For many years my life has been haunted by legends of a pure white "Rose de Meaux," and recently I have heard of a garden in which this treasure exists. It would be a long pilgrimage to go and verify. But I think I must.

"Mme. Cécile Brunner" makes a bush up to 3 or sometimes 4 ft. high, a free and continuous flowerer from early till late summer. The tiny shell-pink roses are exquisite in form, faultlessly curled and pointed when in bud and half-open, like the most perfect show specimens in miniature. Later they open out, flat and wide, and, abandoning their "dainty-rogue-in-porcelain" perfection, give themselves up to sheer fragrance. Great bunches of "Cécile Brunner" are sold in the flower market and the florists' shops in Nice—or they were, when I was last there in 1939.

In 1931 I saw "Cécile Brunner" shinning up a house in San Francisco like any cat burglar. It had reached the third storey and was still going strong. I don't know when the dainty "Cécile" first took to this undignified practice of scaling houses; but I found when I returned to England that this climbing variety was already known here. A distinguished rose nurseryman told me that he had grown, shown and catalogued it, and that it had failed to find favour. How odd gardeners are—other gardeners. A specimen of "Climbing Cécile Brunner" which I imported soon flung itself over a big old apple-tree, and made a brave show among the topmost branches. But it is a mistake to pander to its passion for climbing. The exquisite small flowers can only be appreciated and gathered and smelled as they should be, at short range. The best plan is to persuade "Climbing Cécile Brunner" not to climb, but to ramble horizontally along a low fence or wall. Rose "Perle d'Or" is "Cécile Brunner" over again, with a wash of yellow in the shell pink, and I like her only slightly less. Rose "Josephine Wheatcroft" is, in effect, "Cécile Brunner" in pure soft gold, with the same faultless bud formation, though the fully-open flowers are less fully petalled. "Josephine" is a newcomer, so that I have not yet been able to judge her freedom of flowering and of growth.

A FEW ROSES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

"Zéphirine Drouhin" is, in my opinion, an absolutely first-rate garden rose. But it has taken "Zéphirine" a long, long time to arrive at any sort of recognition. I do not know exactly when this variety was raised, but I first met it rather more than fifty years ago, by a most fortunate chance. An elder sister of mine was ordering roses from a French nursery. Excellent little bushes they were, at fourpence each. At the end of her order, which ran to several hundred plants, she added a request for twelve others, all different, and all to be varieties of interest and not already on the list. Among those twelve came "Zéphirine



"AMONG THE ROSES THAT I LIKE BEST OF ALL ARE TWO VERY LITTLE ONES: 'ROSE DE MEAUX' AND 'MME. CÉCILE BRUNNER'": A 1793 PORTRAIT OF "ROSE DE MEAUX" BY A LITTLE-KNOWN BOTANICAL ARTIST, MARY LAWRENCE.

This print, which dates from 1793, was published by Mary Lawrence in 1797 in "A Collection of Roses from Nature." Mary Lawrence described herself as a "teacher of botanical drawing"; her work is rare, but her name is perpetuated in *Rosa Lawranceana*, the "Fairy Rose." She was an artist of great interest but variable merit. This plate, however, fairly represents "Rose de Meaux," which has been variously classified as a varietal form of *R. gallica* or *R. centifolia*.

Drouhin." Not one of our garden friends at that time had ever seen "Zéphirine," and all admired and wanted it. Fortunately, it is quite easy to strike from cuttings. "Zéphirine Drouhin" would, I suppose, be classed as a climber, for she grows up to 8 or 10 ft. tall, but there is nothing of the snaky Rambler about the growth. The stems are smooth and quite thornless, with healthy, glossy foliage, and big, loose trusses of middle-sized roses, double, yet not very fully petalled, of a clear, pure rose-pink and intensely fragrant. Among the first roses to open, it flowers persistently and abundantly right through till the end of the season. It may be grown on a wall, but on a south wall the flowers tend to bleach. A western aspect is better; but north might be best of all. As a bush in the open, it is excellent and it makes a fine pillar on a lawn. The practice of planting larch poles for roses to climb is popular, but unwise. In a very few years the poles rot at ground level and eventually crash. The most practical pillar plan that I have ever seen was with iron gas-piping and bamboo. A length of 1 inch

iron gas-piping was driven deep into the lawn, with about 2 ft. above ground. To this a stout 8-ft. bamboo, about 1 in. in diameter at the base, was lashed with three bindings of tarred string. The base of the bamboo was half an inch or so above ground level. This arrangement made a support of immense strength; strong enough to carry any rose that was trained up it, and yet so slender that the rose appeared to be almost self-supporting. And the whole thing lasted for ever and ever. The iron piping was imperishable and, as the bamboo just missed touching the ground, it did not rot. The tarred string lashings lasted twelve months comfortably and once a year, at pruning time, they were cut, and rose and bamboo laid low upon the lawn. The rose stems could there be sorted, thinned and pruned in comfort. Then the bamboo was re-lashed to its iron support, and the rose was tied, trained and draped to it—to taste. For some years bamboos have been practically unobtainable. But garden canes are again on the market, and doubtless specimens long and stout enough for pillar roses will soon be available.

I was once given a collection of the musk hybrid roses, which I grew as bushes, until the briar stocks on which they were budded took charge and threatened to become a public danger. It is a mistake to allow gardening to become a blood sport, so I struck cuttings of the variety that I liked best—"Moonlight"—and brought them to my new Cotswold garden. The briar thickets I left at Stevenage, to cope—good luck to them—with the satellite town intruders.

Rose "Moonlight" makes a 4 to 5-ft. bush, with a non-stop supply of wide trusses of smallish, semi-double roses whose fragrance carries farther afield than that of any rose that I know. Their colour, the pale, luminous, creamy-yellow that moonlight would almost certainly be if it happened to be yellow.

On the whole, I am not fond of the big, showy, over-sophisticated, professional beauty roses, especially those that run to lush salmon and mayonnaise, and passionate shrimp and salmon scarlet. They make one's garden, one's rooms and oneself look so shabby, and one's rooms make them look so vulgar. One rose, however, which I believe to be fairly modern, and which comes near this sophisticated category, I like immensely. "Lady Sylvia" is faultless in form, delicious in pure, soft clear pink, and uses exactly

the right perfume. I met her in a neighbour's garden a year or two ago, was given cuttings, and she is now among my favourites.

I do not wish to suggest that I dislike all modern roses, any more than I would claim that all the old roses are the last word in beauty and perfection. The wisest way with roses is to acquire and grow only those which give one real pleasure. There are fashions in flowers, and even apart from fashion, one's personal tastes are apt to alter. Both fuchsias and camellias were once immensely popular. Then for long they went out of fashion, and now again they are enjoying a great vogue. I used to detest petunias, and to-day I like them greatly. But no matter what developments take place, little "Rose de Meaux" will for ever remain one of the most enchanting personalities in all the rose world.

One last word—and, alas, it is not original. Never invite a beautiful woman—or any other woman, for that matter—to come and see your roses. Say, rather: "Pray, madam, come into the garden. I would like to show you to my roses."



MECHANISED WAR ON THE COLORADO BEETLE; AND VOLUNTEER AID.



THE GRIEVOUS PEST OF POTATOES, AGAINST WHICH CONSTANT WAR MUST BE WAGED: A SPECIMEN OF THE COLORADO BEETLE, ACTUAL SIZE. (By Courtesy of Plant Protection, Ltd.)



SEARCHING FOR COLORADO BEETLE BLOWN TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS BY A STRONG WIND FROM FRANCE, AND COLLECTING THEM IN BOTTLES: SCHOOLCHILDREN ON A JERSEY BEACH.



THREE JARS FULL OF COLORADO BEETLE: DR. G. T. SMALL, STATE MYCOLOGIST, INSPECTING A SINGLE DAY'S GATHERING OF THE PESTS FROM THE EAST COAST OF JERSEY.



MEASURES AGAINST THE COLORADO BEETLE IN JERSEY: DUSTING THE BEACH WITH D.D.T. AFTER A NUMBER HAD BEEN BLOWN ACROSS FROM FRANCE. (Photograph by "Jersey Evening Post.")



A "FRONT-LINE FIGHTER" AGAINST COLORADO BEETLE: A RANSOMES AURO SPRAYER MOUNTED ON A FORDSON MAJOR TRACTOR AT WORK IN RICHMOND PARK.

Constant watch to prevent invasion of this country by the Colorado beetle, most deadly potato pest, is essential. The Ministry of Agriculture recently arranged a demonstration to launch the 1950 campaign. It took place in Richmond Park, where there are 150 acres of potatoes. It featured a march-past of machines and staff engaged by Plant Protection, Ltd., who are the Ministry's principal agents in the matter, and demonstrations of spraying and soil-injection were given. The danger of invasion by Colorado beetle is illustrated by our photographs from the Channel Islands, where



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE STAUFFER SOIL-INJECTION MACHINE: CARBON BISULPHIDE IS INJECTED TO INS. INTO THE GROUND, AND WILL KILL ANY BEETLE HARBOURING THERE.

beaches were recently covered with hordes of the pests blown over from France. A volunteer army of schoolchildren helped to collect them, and energetic spraying measures were taken. Last year, though there were "imported" beetles in England, so far as is known there were no established "colonies," and they must again be prevented this year for single beetles have been found. Any suspect specimen should be sent to the Ministry of Agriculture's Plant Pathology Laboratory, Milton Road, Harpenden, Herts, stating the place where found and name of sender.

AS Professor Morison's volumes on the United States Naval History in the Second World War appear, I read them with avidity. I am aware that in this respect my tastes are not everybody's, and even if they were, I might not be able to convey in the articles which I devote to these volumes the high drama which they embody. Professor Morison writes with extraordinary vigour. He constantly uses slang, and now and again I think his vocabulary is not quite worthy of the dignity of his subject. Yet again and again I forget criticism of this sort as I am borne along by the wave of his narrative. He is a natural story-teller, endowed with the great gift of ability to handle dense material without permitting it to choke or even impart dullness to any part of the record. In his latest volume he has been faced at once by an opportunity and a danger. The Guadalcanal campaign, in the air and on land as well as at sea, has an epic quality: I find nothing to equal it in this in the whole course of the Pacific war. On the other hand, it contains one engagement after another with certain likenesses, so that it might, in less skilled hands, become tedious. I can only say that, according to my experience, it never does so.*

It was a terrific struggle. Fighting may have been as hard elsewhere on occasion, but Guadalcanal was the scene of six major naval battles, many land battles, constant air fighting and, as the author puts it, "some half a hundred ship-to-ship and air-sea fights, only one of which, in this superabundance of heavy slugging, attained the dignity of a battle name." The sheet of water roughly bounded by Guadalcanal, Florida, and Savo Islands was named "Ironbottom Sound," and there is none of comparable size in the world in which so many ships of war have been sunk in so short a period. Both sides fought with boundless determination to capture and hold this wretched island, useless in itself but exercising an important influence upon the Pacific war by reason of its position. Both, besides astonishing bravery and resolution, displayed occasional weaknesses and timidity in command which threw away golden opportunities. The excuse must be that naval warfare was developing in technique with remarkable speed, so that new and puzzling problems were constantly appearing. The American Navy probably learnt more in the waters of Guadalcanal than anywhere else in the campaigns of the Pacific.

It was the discovery that the Japanese were at work on an airfield—destined to become famous, in American hands, as Henderson Field—that set in train the operation against Guadalcanal. This had little likeness to the amphibious operations of a later period. The time was not available to mount it with the care devoted to them, and even if it had been, lack of knowledge and experience would have prevented it from being so thoroughly planned. The Navy talked of it as "Operation Shoestring." The landings, however, were successful, so that, by the evening of August 7, 11,000 Marines were ashore. What counted was whether they could be maintained there. Admiral Mikawa intervened from Rabaul, with the intention of torpedoing the American covering force and destroying the transports. He deliberately sought a night action, relying on the high standard of the Japanese naval forces in such conditions. He gained the advantage of surprise, owing to the bad quality of the American reporting. In the Battle of Savo Island he inflicted upon the United States one of the heaviest reverses suffered at sea in this or any other war. And then—he cleared out. The American carriers had been withdrawn as the result of nerves; it was Japanese nerves which led Mikawa to dread their intervention and made him withdraw without engaging the transports, which were actually able to continue unloading.

The next great fight, known as the Battle of the Eastern Solomons, took place in the third week of August. Here again there were signs of timidity on both sides, but in this case it was a close thing, with a small advantage remaining with the Americans. They won only, thinks Professor Morison, because the Japanese command was even more nervous than theirs. At the end of October came the Battle of Santa Cruz Islands, where the carriers played a big part and the American *Hornet* was lost. Tactically and by measuring losses, it would appear that this fight must be accredited to the Japanese, but it tided over American difficulties ashore. It was after this battle that Admiral Nimitz announced: "The general situation at Guadalcanal is not unfavourable." This cannot be called a highly optimistic statement, but the Admiral had not ventured to say as much before. The Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, from November 12 to 15, included a tremendous night mêlée, starting with mutual surprise. It included also one of the comparatively rare episodes of the Second World War in which battleship was engaged against battleship, and led to the loss of two Japanese battleships, *Hiei* and *Kirishima*. The fighting was so confused, with Japanese and American ships "mingled like minnows in a bucket," that it has been found impossible to reconstruct tracks, and all that can be done is to relate what happened to each in turn.

* "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II. Volume V. The Struggle for Guadalcanal, August, 1942-February, 1943." By Samuel Eliot Morison. (Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press; 42s.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE STRUGGLE FOR GUADALCANAL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Here is what happened to one. "*Monssen* fired a 5-torpedo salvo at a battleship on her starboard bow, then turned her attention to another vessel two miles on the starboard beam, launching a spread of five more torpedoes. The 5-inch guns meanwhile went after targets on the port side, while the 20-mm. guns raised havoc on the topside of a destroyer a quarter of a mile to starboard. Star shells began to burst over and around *Monssen*, lighting up the ship like a night-club floor show. Lieutenant Commander McCombs, believing the star shell to be friendly, switched on his fighting lights; and the click of that light switch was the death-knell of his ship. Two blinding tentacles



AN INCIDENT IN THE STRUGGLE FOR GUADALCANAL: THE U.S. CARRIER *Wasp* (left) BURNING AFTER A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK BY THE JAPANESE SUBMARINE *I-19*; WITH (RIGHT) THE DESTROYER *O'Brien* HIT BY A TORPEDO FROM *I-15*.



"*Wasp* IN THE MEANTIME WAS BEING EATEN ALIVE BY FIRE. FASTER AND FASTER THE SWIRLING YELLOW FLAMES MOVED, TALLER AND TALLER THEY FLARED": A VIVID PICTURE TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE ORDER "ABANDON SHIP" CAME TO THE REMNANTS OF THE CREW OF THE 14,700-TON U.S. CARRIER.

In his article on this page Captain Falls discusses "The Struggle for Guadalcanal," by Samuel Morison (Volume V. in "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II."), and it is from this volume that, by courtesy of the publishers, the Oxford University Press, we reproduce two photographs of one of the incidents of that seven-months-long series of engagements and battles. In mid-September "a convoy of six transports carrying the 7th Marine Regiment sailed from Espiritu Santo (in the New Hebrides); covered by cruisers and destroyers." Its purpose was to reinforce the U.S. Marines on Guadalcanal and the escort, was augmented by two carriers, *Hornet* and *Wasp*. The transports got through, but of the escort which was attacked by submarines, the battleship *North Carolina* was hit, the carrier *Wasp* was lost, and the destroyer *O'Brien*, badly hit, survived to be repaired, but sank about a month later owing to the inadequacy of the repairs.

of light grasped her, a deluge of explosives followed, torpedoes hissed by. Some 37 shell-hits reduced *Monssen* to a burning hulk." This was, in fact, one of the rare occasions in modern naval warfare in which opposing fleets have become completely intermingled and individual ships have fired continually on targets on both sides. In one instance, when the destroyer *O'Bannon* endeavoured to

torpedo the battleship *Hiei*, the range was so short that the Japanese giant could not depress her guns enough to hit her little American opponent.

Both fleets retired from the battle area, both claiming a great victory. The Japanese had shown that tactically they were still some way ahead, and the American losses had been the heavier, though there had been a slaughter of Japanese transports. One must, however, agree with the author's analysis and verdict, which gives the victory to the Americans. The adversaries were trying to do the same thing: land reinforcements and supplies on Guadalcanal and prevent the enemy from doing so. Admiral Turner, the master of this sort of business, got all his troops and most of his material ashore, whereas the equally pertinacious and determined Admiral Tanaka managed to land only a small body of scared survivors and a very small quantity of stores. Tanaka, though his name is almost unknown, was, however, one of the personalities of the war. In the last of the naval battles, that of Tassafaronga, hampered by the task of carrying floating drums of provisions for Guadalcanal, with a small force entirely composed of destroyers, he inflicted a smart defeat on an American cruiser force. It was all to no avail. The Japanese could not evict the defenders of Guadalcanal and could not endure the strain of maintaining their own forces. Finally they bowed to necessity and withdrew those forces. The evacuation of Guadalcanal was brilliant, but evacuation does not constitute a victory now any more than in the time of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The losses at sea in this great struggle were astonishingly equal; counting by units, exactly equal—twenty-four on either side; and counting by tonnage, about 5 per cent. in the American favour. As regards troops, the Japanese must have suffered twenty times the losses of the Americans. I should have mentioned that Professor Morison inserts between his accounts of the naval actions, chapters dealing with the land fighting on the island and the air fighting over it. The achievement of the Marines who bore the weight of the earlier fighting is one of the proudest in American records. After the early disaster of Savo Island they were for a time left to their own devices, when all the naval forces had departed. It is true that at the earliest possible moment, six days later, the first three converted destroyers brought in petrol, bombs and ammunition, and that they were followed by others with a few days' supply of food. It was none the less an extremely ugly and discouraging situation, but it had no adverse effect on their resistance. Again and again they beat the Japanese, exhibiting an astonishing superiority over those tough troops. Gradually they were reinforced and finally replaced by Army units.

Strategically the fighting at Guadalcanal halted and then, to some extent, drove back the Japanese thrust. The result, admittedly aided by other events, threw the Japanese back on to the defensive. Professor Morison gives us more fact than theory, and the following analysis is my own. I should say that one of the most important features of this struggle was the promise of radar in American hands and the ugly prospect before the Japanese who lacked it. Its effect in these battles was relatively limited, but it was clearly the vital equipment of the future. The other promising characteristic was American superiority in the air, which became more and more marked. It was to become so great that the Japanese superiority in torpedo tactics, in any case diminished, became completely nullified by it in the later stages of the war. In all night fighting the Japanese remained to the end of the Guadalcanal campaign superior by reason of greater experience, remarkable eyesight and—as I have been told by American officers—night-glasses superior to any others in the world; but here, again, radar was to rob them of their advantage. I have spoken of nerves in the command on both sides, but no fighting men could have shown greater determination or, indeed, carelessness of life than the Americans and Japanese engaged in the struggle for Guadalcanal.

If the Americans made mistakes, they profited from experience. Sailors, soldiers and airmen who were to rise high in the latter part of the war learnt invaluable lessons, though sometimes at a heavy cost, on or above the island or in the waters about it. The outstanding case is that of Admiral Halsey, called in after a couple of months to supreme command of the operations because Admiral Nimitz had decided that greater vigour was needed; but there were many others, including the Marine Vandergift, the soldier Patch and the sailor Kinkaid. In the same way, new material was tried and approved. And, lastly, equal losses meant victory to the Americans, because the Japanese could not afford them. By the end of the struggle, and that was only February, 1943, the United States was already in a position to assemble forces far more powerful than at the outset. Yet the battle, and with it Guadalcanal itself, would have been lost unless the Americans had refused to admit defeat and had displayed a spirit which may justly be called unconquerable.

A SCULPTOR'S IDEAL RACEHORSE: COMPOSED FROM THE BEST POINTS OF MANY THOROUGHBREDS.

THE four models of thoroughbreds reproduced on this page illustrate the evolution of a statuette of the perfect racehorse by Mr. Herbert Haseltine. During a period of forty years he has remodelled and recast in bronze four successive statuettes of a thoroughbred featuring the points of famous racehorses. The animals either posed to him or he referred to models he had already made. For the original model in clay, unfinished and 20 hands high (reproduced, it may be recalled, in *The Illustrated London News* of June 16, 1928), the sculptor used the head of his own French racehorse, *Noel II.* (by *Simonian*, by *St. Simon*, a descendant of *Eclipse*), and for the body, a half-brother

[Continued opposite.



EMBODYING POINTS FROM THE FRENCH *NOEL II.* AND *SPEARMINT*: THE ORIGINAL UNFINISHED CLAY MODEL OF THE PERFECT RACEHORSE, BY HERBERT HASELTINE, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1913.

[Continued.] of *Pretty Polly* (the filly which won the Oaks and the Leger in 1904 for Major Eustace Loder). He also embodied details of *Spearmint*, Major Eustace Loder's 1906 Derby winner, which he modelled for the owner in that year. In 1919 he made a second model, into which he introduced changes. Still striving after improvements, he made a third version, using the head of the French *Bittersweet*. The bronze cast of this is in permanent exhibition, together with the collection of British Champion Animals, at the Field Museum, Chicago. For the final bronze, now the property of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Haseltine re-carved the entire body, making a horse lighter in bone than the previous model. It was partly inspired by Mr. John H. Whitney's model of *Twenty Grand*, and, for the head, he used that of Mr. George Widener's *Eight Thirty*. Every animal in the Stud Book, it may be appropriate to recall, descends from three sires, the *Darley Arabian*, the *Byerly Turk* or the *Godolphin*. Careful breeding and the marvellous effect of our climate and soil on constitution, bone and general development produced the thoroughbred from these Eastern strains.



A BRONZE CAST IN REDUCED SIZE FROM THE SECOND MODEL OF THE PERFECT RACEHORSE BY HERBERT HASELTINE, MADE IN 1919: THE PROPERTY OF THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB, PARIS.



WITH THE HEAD OF THE FRENCH *BITTERSWEET*: THE THIRD MODEL BY HERBERT HASELTINE THE BRONZE IS NOW ON PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT THE FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO.



THE FINAL MODEL OF "THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE" (COMPOSITE TYPE) IN BRONZE, PROPERTY OF MR. CHURCHILL: THE BODY WAS RE-CARVED, MAKING A HORSE LIGHTER IN BONE. THE SCULPTOR STATES HE WAS PARTLY INSPIRED BY MR. JOHN H. WHITNEY'S MODEL OF *TWENTY GRAND*. THE HEAD IS THAT OF MR. G. WIDENER'S *EIGHT THIRTY*.

STILL UNFINISHED AFTER 150 YEARS: DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



DOWNING COLLEGE FROM THE REGENT STREET ENTRANCE: A VIEW OF THE COLLEGE SHOWING THE ENDS OF THE EAST AND WEST RANGES BUILT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PLANS OF WILKINS AND BARRY, AND (RIGHT) THE IONIC PORTICOS OF THE BUILDINGS DESIGNED BY SIR HERBERT BAKER.



LIGHTING THE CANDLES BEFORE AN EVENING SERVICE: A SCENE IN THE CHAPEL—THE UPPER ROOM WHICH HAS SERVED THE COLLEGE AS ITS CHAPEL SINCE ITS FOUNDATION. IT IS LIGHTED ONLY BY CANDLES AND WARMED BY AN OPEN FIRE.

This year Downing College, Cambridge, celebrates the 150th anniversary of its foundation, and on Commemoration Day—May 18—the Master and Fellows launched an appeal for an immediate sum of at least £50,000 to enable the completion of the north side of the Quadrangle by filling in the gap between the Herbert Baker wings erected twenty years ago. On this page and the facing and following pages we reproduce some exterior and interior drawings of Downing College by our

Special Artist, Captain Bryan de Grineau. The top drawing shows the main entrance to the College in Regent Street, which was originally designed to be a mere side-entry. The old "upper room" Chapel over the Hall, which has for so long served the College for worship, is wholly inadequate for the nearly 400 students. When the proposed building has been completed, the new Chapel will be situated behind a central portico of six Ionic columns.

SUBJECT OF AN APPEAL FOR BUILDING FUNDS: DOWNING COLLEGE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



GRACE BEFORE DINNER: A SCENE IN HALL SHOWING THE UNDERGRADUATES' TABLES AND THE HIGH TABLE.

The Hall, situated at the south corner of the west range, is a fine example of the neo-classical style and is part of the original College buildings designed by William Wilkins between 1809 and 1820. Our drawing shows the moment before dinner in Hall, with a scholar pronouncing the grace. Much store is set by the undergraduate body on what are called "the unwritten laws of Hall," and they pride themselves on a "certain reasonable decorum" there. The silver-plated candelabra which appear on the undergraduates' tables on high occasions are a gift from the undergraduates in

residence to the College to mark its 150th anniversary, and each bears a separate Latin motto. Between the columns (centre) can be seen the arms of the College. The interior of the Hall is richly coloured in green, and the columns are an excellent example of artificial marble executed in yellow with red veining. If the immediate sum appealed for, £50,000, is raised, this will enable the College building plan to be carried out without diminishing the existing income, which is even now the smallest enjoyed by any of the men's Colleges in the University.



CELEBRATING ITS 150TH ANNIVERSARY: DOWNING COLLEGE, SHOWING THE WEST RANGE TERMINATING IN THE HALL (FOREGROUND). THE NEW BUILDINGS WILL LINK THE WEST AND EAST RANGES.

Downing College, the last men's college to be completely incorporated in the University, owes its origin to Sir George Downing, Bt., who died in 1749. Owing to a long and wasteful lawsuit which arose from his will being contested, it was not until 1800 that a Charter was obtained. The story of Downing College is a

rather disappointing one, for after 150 years it is still unfinished, and what might have been one of England's "best pieces of Grecian" has never become the impressive building conceived by its architect, William Wilkins, who designed the College buildings "with a unique atmosphere of spacious calm." Wilkins

grouped his buildings about a great Quadrangle, 300 ft. square, but only a part of them were built, and that slowly. The east and west ranges were not finished until 1875, when some additions to their northern ends were made by E. M. Barry. Twenty years ago Sir Herbert Baker brought the College nearly to completion:

but a proposed chapel, planned before 1814, when the site was consecrated, has not yet been built. If the sum required is raised, the College's most pressing needs—a new Chapel, and more rooms for undergraduates—will at last become a reality. Another project is a more dignified gate and Porter's Lodge.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE FEEDING HABITS OF BRITISH SNAKES.

By MAXWELL KNIGHT, O.B.E.

A GREAT deal of incorrect and misleading information has been recorded about snakes in general, and our own three species are no exceptions to this. Indeed, it is surprising that such a small group should, on the whole, be so neglected by serious workers in this country. Amateurs in field natural history are, however, now tending to observe these more closely, and this is all to the good; for amateurs have always been to the forefront in natural-history discoveries in Great Britain.

One could fill volumes with the errors and superstitions that abound about snakes; and there is one aspect of the lives of our own snakes where there has been much incorrect information disseminated, and where there is much to be discovered. This is in relation to their food and feeding habits.

It is to this subject that I have devoted a lot of time and trouble. In this work during recent years I have been ably supported by Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Wilkins—an enthusiastic amateur herpetologist—many of whose observations are referred to in this article.

The experiments and observations were carried out under conditions as nearly as possible approximating to nature. That is to say, the snakes we used were either kept in large, roomy cages, where they were housed in great contentment, or in outdoor reptiliaries, where the freedom of movement allowed to our specimens was probably no less than the space covered daily by snakes in the wild.

I must admit that some of our experiments were not, perhaps, truly natural in the sense that they consisted of offering to our specimens certain types of food not normally quoted on the menus of snakes; and again, items of food were often offered by means of specially prepared devices—the inventions of Colonel Wilkins—but in our opinion these do not invalidate the results obtained. A word should be added about the illustrations accompanying this article. They had to be produced under very adverse conditions, particularly the one of the grass-snake taking a mouse. The photograph had to be taken when the grass-snake could be induced to feed. We could not arrange that the snake would behave as we wished it to just when the sun was at its brightest and conditions perfect in every way! In the illustration of the female adder it is possible to see, lying between two folds of the snake, a young adder—one born last year—and it may perhaps be as well to remark in passing that this proximity to its mother has nothing whatever to do with family feeling—they were simply basking in the same spot.

As a result of our various experiments in feeding the three British snakes, the grass-snake (*Natrix natrix*), the viper or adder (*Vipera berus*), and the rare smooth snake (*Coronella austriaca*), we came to some general conclusions which are not without interest. The first conclusion concerned those snakes, such as the adder and the smooth snake, which take both warm- and cold-blooded prey. It seems reasonably certain that some individuals are extremely conservative in respect of their particular prey. An adder, for instance, which will feed readily on lizards, will nearly always refuse a mouse; a smooth snake, which will take a young mouse regularly, will often ignore even the most tempting lizard; some, of course, will take both, and we have wondered whether this is due to a sort of acquired taste based on the local extent of the lizard or mouse population.

The second general observation concerns the undoubted fact that all our three snakes will take dead prey, even under natural conditions; and not only dead prey, but prey which has been dead for perhaps a day or so. On several occasions we noticed that snakes would, for some reason or another, disgorge prey soon after consumption, and then consume it again.

The third point which struck us very forcibly was the fact that although most observers seem to

think that reptiles feed infrequently and rather incline to appreciate long periods of starvation, this, in actual fact, is not so. The periods of starvation are due to necessity and are not from choice. Given an opportunity, a snake will gorge itself to a considerable extent while the going is good, so to speak. One of Wilkins's grass-snakes, for instance, ate seven small dead mice in twenty-six hours!

The object of our principal experiments was to get some reliable information regarding points which have either been in doubt previously, or which do not



PROVING CONCLUSIVELY THAT A GRASS-SNAKE WILL EAT WARM-BLOODED PREY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER VERY ADVERSE CONDITIONS, SHOWING A GRASS-SNAKE WITH A DEAD MOUSE IN ITS JAWS.

In captivity, or semi-captivity, a grass-snake will take mice so long as the mouse is dead and a small slit has been made in the body sufficient to excite the grass-snake's extremely well-developed sense of smell.



NOTHING TO DO WITH FAMILY FEELING! A YOUNG ADDER (INDICATED BY ARROW) LYING BETWEEN TWO FOLDS OF A FEMALE ADDER WHEN BOTH CHOSE TO BASK IN THE SAME SPOT.

appear to have been touched on by most observers. The first of these to which we devoted our attention was the possibility—very often disputed—of a grass-snake eating warm-blooded prey; and the result of our work proved conclusively that a grass-snake will do this. I think those who question a grass-snake's willingness to take anything other than reptiles, amphibia and fish, base their doubts on the fact that a grass-snake will not, in nature, tackle a fully-developed live mouse. The reason for this is obvious; a grass-snake has no means of killing its prey before consumption, and even a quarter-grown mouse, if alive, is capable of biting the grass-snake and hurting it sufficiently for the snake to let go its hold. In captivity, or semi-captivity, a grass-snake will take mice so long as the mouse is dead and a small slit has been made in the body sufficient to excite the grass-snake's extremely well-developed sense of smell—in which, of course, the highly sensitive tongue takes the place of the mammalian nose.

In regard to the adder, apart from the general observations referred to before, we came to the conclusion that the length of time between striking at the prey and injecting venom, and the actual consumption of the prey depends considerably upon the state of hunger existent in the adder at the time in question. If very hungry, Wilkins's adders have been seen to strike at a dead mouse, or a lizard, and consume it at once. On other occasions, when there was reason to think that the snake was recently fed, the prey has been struck, but the actual eating process has been delayed for some time, even as long as half a day. The food of young adders has been the subject of a great deal of discussion; at least, in amateur herpetological circles, and naturalists have often wondered what was likely to be the very first prey taken by adders after birth. As far as Wilkins and myself are concerned, we have never succeeded in inducing a young adder of, say, three weeks old to look at a lizard or a "pink" mouse. On the other hand, we found that small frogs of anything up to an inch long will be struck at and eaten with avidity.

That young frogs will be taken by juvenile adders has, of course, been known to curators in various zoos for some time, but it would appear that this knowledge has not been very widely disseminated. I have had a young adder in my possession since August, 1949. Between August and late September, when this little snake went into hibernation, it ate five small frogs. When it emerged successfully from hibernation this year it was offered some small frogs, but would not look at them. On the other hand, it ate two 3-in. viviparous lizards in the first fortnight.

Now we come to the smooth snake, our rarest reptile. Nearly every book which gives any information at all about the feeding of this snake insists on saying that its principal prey is the sand-lizard. Now I will not be bold enough to state that this is incorrect, but I am quite sure

of one thing, and that is that very few smooth snakes will tackle an adult sand-lizard successfully, or even a half-grown one. While Wilkins was concentrating on his grass-snake observations, I was concerning myself with the feeding of the smooth snake, and I had at the time a large specimen, about 22 ins. long. I had this in a very roomy cage, in which I placed three well-grown sand-lizards—though not fully grown—and a number of viviparous lizards. On four occasions I saw the snake approach and seize one of the sand-lizards. I noticed that it never by any chance went for the head end, and it looked as though it avoided this because it was afraid. It would seize the lizard either near the tail, or in the middle. This always resulted in the lizard turning round and biting the snake hard. Irritated by this treatment, the snake would then, though rather reluctantly, strike at the lizard's head, but in every case the lizard was as quick as the snake, and what actually happened was that the lizard would get either the upper or lower jaw of the snake firmly between its own. On two occasions I had to release the lizard from what was clearly an impossible position. As a result of these observations, I am reasonably certain that an adult sand-lizard has very little to fear from the average smooth snake, and I do not believe that the sand-lizard constitutes anything like a major proportion of the smooth snake's food. Viviparous lizards and young slow-worms are much more popular, while young, undeveloped mice will frequently be taken.

It would, of course, require much more space than I have available to go into all the details of the prey consumed, numbers taken, and other features of feeding behaviour; but I hope that these experiments will induce field naturalists to take up this line of research, not necessarily in respect of snakes, but in connection with other groups of animals as well. There is certainly a great deal still to be learned.

THIRTY-ONE BUMPS
IN FOUR DAYS:
LADY MARGARET'S
NINE CREWS IN THE
MAY RACES.

THE May Week races at Cambridge this year witnessed a remarkable record on the part of Lady Margaret B.C., which is, of course, the Boat Club of St. John's College, founded in 1511 by Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII. From an undergraduate strength of 650, Lady Margaret B.C. entered nine crews, all of which improved their positions, some by as many as four places, and altogether

[Continued below.]



Continued.] three or four crews at Cambridge and the third boat was well up to Thames Cup standard. The races are rowed in seven divisions, the bottom division rowing first. The first boat of the seventh division is also the last boat of the sixth division (the sandwich boat) and the same procedure is repeated in each division. Owing to the narrowness of the Cam, the boats race one behind the other, separated.

[Continued below.]

(LEFT.) LADY MARGARET FIRST BOAT.
(BACK ROW) W. MANSFIELD (BOATMAN); D. D. MACKLIN; PROFESSOR WALKER (COACH); R. H. SYMMONS (COACH); ROY MELDRUM (COACH); R. K. HAYWARD; H. H. ALMOND; (FRONT ROW) C. B. M. LLOYD; J. L. M. CRICK; P. M. O. MASSEY; A. L. MACLEOD; W. T. ARTHUR; AND R. J. BLOW (COX).



LADY MARGARET SECOND BOAT.

(BACK ROW) P. B. GARBETT; E. J. WORLIDGE; T. W. W. PEMBERTON; (FRONT ROW) W. M. DIXON; R. F. A. SHARPLEY; R. S. EMERY; G. W. HARDING; N. B. M. CLACK; H. M. STEWART (COX).



LADY MARGARET FOURTH BOAT.

(BACK ROW) A. D. N. KING; R. W. RILEY; D. MACKLIN (COACH); D. H. SMITH; D. E. SIDE; (FRONT ROW) W. M. SEWELL; J. MACDOWELL; P. M. O. MASSEY (COACH); J. R. DINGLE; T. C. LINE; R. MEWTON (COX).



LADY MARGARET SIXTH BOAT.

(BACK ROW) A. S. VALENTINE; I. B. LYON; W. DIXON; PROFESSOR WALKER (COACH); R. H. MORGAN; J. F. N. NEWMAN; (FRONT ROW) D. T. FINLAY; P. M. HACKING; P. M. O. MASSEY (COACH); P. M. DUNN; R. K. GILBERT; R. FIELDING (COX).



LADY MARGARET EIGHTH BOAT.

(BACK ROW) G. R. P. HENTON; D. MACKLIN (COACH); D. HOWE (COACH); PROFESSOR WALKER (COACH); A. WOODHEAD (COACH); B. J. DRAKE; C. R. KEECE; (FRONT ROW) G. J. R. PIKE; M. V. LLOYD; P. T. D. KIRK; H. T. BRUCE; V. R. S. BECKLEY; A. J. HOSKING (COX).

Continued.] made thirty-one bumps in four days. The first boat started fifth and went Head of the River, while in the opinion of the rowing correspondent of The Times the second boat was within the best

[Continued above, right.]

| JUNE | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|----|
| I Clare | | | | |
| Trinity Hall | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity | | | | |
| Jesus | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret | | | | |
| Pembroke | | | | |
| Queens' | | | | |
| Christ's | | | | |
| St. Catharine's | | | | |
| Emmanuel | | | | |
| Selwyn | | | | |
| Jesus II | | | | |
| Caius | | | | |
| Downing | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret II | | | | |
| (s.b.) Trinity Hall II | | | | |
| II Magdalene | | | | |
| King's | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity II | | | | |
| St. Catharine's II | | | | |
| Corpus | | | | |
| Queens' II | | | | |
| Pembroke II | | | | |
| Peterhouse | | | | |
| Clare II | | | | |
| Selwyn II | | | | |
| Jesus III | | | | |
| Sidney Sussex | | | | |
| Christ's II | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret III | | | | |
| (s.b.) Trinity Hall III | | | | |
| III Downing II | | | | |
| Emmanuel II | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity III | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity IV | | | | |
| Caius II | | | | |
| Jesus IV | | | | |
| Magdalene II | | | | |
| King's II | | | | |
| Fitzwilliam House | | | | |
| Peterhouse II | | | | |
| St. Catharine's III | | | | |
| Trinity Hall IV | | | | |
| Queens' III | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret IV | | | | |
| Pembroke III | | | | |
| (s.b.) Christ's III | | | | |
| IV Caius III | | | | |
| Jesus V | | | | |
| Downing III | | | | |
| Clare III | | | | |
| Emmanuel III | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity V | | | | |
| Corpus II | | | | |
| Clare IV | | | | |
| Sidney Sussex II | | | | |
| Trinity Hall V | | | | |
| Selwyn III | | | | |
| Magdalene III | | | | |
| Peterhouse III | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity VI | | | | |
| St. Catharine's IV | | | | |
| (s.b.) Queens' IV | | | | |
| V Trinity Hall VI | | | | |
| Fitzwilliam House II | | | | |
| Emmanuel IV | | | | |
| Jesus VI | | | | |
| Selwyn IV | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret V | | | | |
| King's III | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret VI | | | | |
| Queens' V | | | | |
| Christ's IV | | | | |
| Caius IV | | | | |
| Trinity Hall VII | | | | |
| Jesus VII | | | | |
| Downing IV | | | | |
| Pembroke IV | | | | |
| (s.b.) Sidney Sussex III | | | | |
| VI Pembroke V | | | | |
| St. Catharine's V | | | | |
| Emmanuel V | | | | |
| Queens' VI | | | | |
| Magdalene IV | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity VII | | | | |
| Peterhouse IV | | | | |
| Caius V | | | | |
| Peterhouse V | | | | |
| Clare V | | | | |
| Sidney Sussex IV | | | | |
| St. Catharine's VI | | | | |
| Corpus III | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret VII | | | | |
| Selwyn V | | | | |
| (s.b.) Magdalene V | | | | |
| VII Downing V | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret VIII | | | | |
| Clare VI | | | | |
| Caius VI | | | | |
| Pembroke VI | | | | |
| Selwyn VI | | | | |
| Fitzwilliam House III | | | | |
| Fitzwilliam House IV | | | | |
| Emmanuel VI | | | | |
| 1st and 3rd Trinity VIII | | | | |
| King's IV | | | | |
| King's V | | | | |
| Corpus IV | | | | |
| * Lady Margaret IX | | | | |
| Downing VI | | | | |
| Queens' VII | | | | |

THIRTY-ONE BUMPS IN FOUR DAYS.
A GRAPH SHOWING THE PLACING OF THE NINE LADY MARGARET CREWS IN THE MAY RACES AT CAMBRIDGE IN WHICH THE FIRST BOAT WENT HEAD.
Reproduced by Courtesy of "The Times."



LADY MARGARET THIRD BOAT.

(BACK ROW) D. R. MORRIS; B. N. FOX; C. B. M. LLOYD (COACH); R. H. SYMMONS (COACH); W. T. ARTHUR (COACH); G. R. WACE; G. C. CHAPMAN; (FRONT ROW) A. T. BROWN; J. B. WILLS; P. M. O. MASSEY (COACH); J. H. SCOTT-PARK; N. J. DAY; P. PREST (COX).



LADY MARGARET FIFTH BOAT.

(BACK ROW) J. F. MAYALL; M. T. WELFORD; H. H. ALMOND (COACH); PROFESSOR WALKER (COACH); A. L. MACLEOD (COACH); J. A. BINHAM; P. S. ABSOLON; (FRONT ROW) G. ROSS; D. F. GENT; P. M. O. MASSEY (COACH); G. T. WORDIE; H. F. BEAUMONT; G. GREGORY (COX).



LADY MARGARET SEVENTH BOAT.

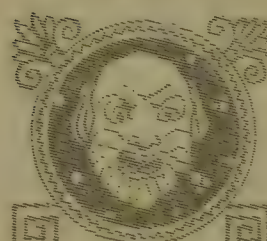
(BACK ROW) E. STAMP; PROFESSOR WALKER (COACH); W. A. DONALDSON; G. POTSIOS; (FRONT ROW) C. L. CADBURY; D. A. LEACH; E. R. F. CROSSMAN; G. C. LENNON; J. R. BAMBOURGH, THE COX, E. G. HILL, IS NOT PRESENT.



LADY MARGARET NINTH BOAT—THE "RUGGER EIGHT."

(BACK ROW) M. T. HOPPER; E. J. WORLIDGE (COACH); I. F. GOODHAND; M. C. TEMPLETON; (FRONT ROW) J. T. NYE; A. J. GREENSTREET; P. SUCKLING; C. STORR; R. L. WEST; D. BERRY (COX).

Continued.] by 150 ft., and the object of each boat is to bump the boat in front. They then draw into the side, and on the following day change places in the starting order.



The World of the Cinema.

BAFFLING BEAUTY.

By ALAN DENT.

NO film I have ever seen has so completely mystified me and yet has held me in such utter thrall as Jean Cocteau's "Orpheus." And to think that I very nearly missed it! A revered colleague said to me the other day: "I wrote the least adequate article I have ever written in my life about the Cocteau film at the Rialto. I hope to goodness you didn't read me—and I hope to goodness you won't miss seeing the film!"

And then, even as I was on my way to the cinema, I read a letter addressed to the editor of a weekly periodical complaining of that paper's derogatory criticism of "Orpheus" which had appeared the previous week—an indignant letter from one of our better (and younger) poets in which he accused the critic of being in a state of "benumbed incomprehension." Yet this film, said the angry poet, "even if it did not have the virtues of plot and beautiful photography, contains such lines as 'A glass of water illumines the world,' or 'What does the marble think when it is hewn into a statue? They insult me—they strike at me' or Cocteau's definition of the poet, 'Someone who writes without being a writer.' Apparently your critic finds ideas better than this expressed so often in the talkies that for her 'Orpheus' is full of *longueurs*. How enviable must be the task of a film critic!"

The sarcasm is understandable, though the critic in question has my sympathy. Having sat through "Orpheus" twice over in one session, I consider it something not easily to be distinguished from a work of genius. But if I had savoured it once only I might easily, in my own state of benumbed

news-reel which came between the two showings of "Orpheus," of which, as I have said, I viewed every flicker. There was also a cartoon-film, a tenth-rate imitation of Walt Disney at his unfunniest. When is the cinema-public going to rise up and protest at these so-called and "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" jokes? The news-reel, on the other hand, was capital and stirring, and it had just finished reminding me of Milton, since the men were marching "in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders" (or the Guards Band's equivalent) when it equally forcibly reminded me of Mozart—since the regimental

the film has been both written and directed by Jean Cocteau, and it is touching to note that it is dedicated to that exquisite painter and stage-designer who died the other day, Christian Bérard. But the cast is not printed: we are granted merely the actors' names without any indication of the parts they play. And, finally, before the film proper begins, we are told that its music is by Georges Auric. This is a thumping mis-statement which M. Auric himself would probably be the first to repudiate. Incomparably the most important and significant piece of music in the film—it is repeated at length, three times over—is the celestial Air of the Wandering Spirit from Gluck's "Orfeo"—that long-breathed and infinitely touching melody which is so rightly allotted in Felix Mottl's suite—if not in the opera itself—to the flute, and which I can never hear without thinking of Dryden's lines:

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of helpless lovers
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the
warbling lute.

"It is the privilege of legends to be ageless," says M. Cocteau at the beginning of his film. And it all starts with Orpheus, who is a modern poet, sitting in a crowded Parisian café of the present day, and desultorily watching a car arrive. Out of the car steps a lady known as The Princess, and full of poise, accompanied by a younger poet called Cégeste, who has no poise at all and is, indeed, very drunk. Something this young poet says or does causes a brawl; the Princess's chauffeur, whose name is Heurtebise, telephones the police; and at the height of the ensuing fracas Cégeste is killed by two mysterious motor-cyclists. Orpheus lifts his young rival's dead body into the Princess's car and drives away with her to her palace, which is half in ruins and half unspeakably



"NO FILM I HAVE EVER SEEN HAS SO COMPLETELY MYSTIFIED ME AND YET HAS HELD ME IN SUCH UTTER THRILL": JEAN COCTEAU'S "ORPHEUS," SHOWING THE PRINCESS (MARIA CASARÉS), AS DEATH, GIVING THE MOTOR-CYCLISTS OF DEATH INSTRUCTIONS AFTER SHE HAS MADE THE RECENTLY-KILLED CÉGESTE (EDOUARD DERMITHÉ) HER NEW SLAVE. "ORPHEUS" FINISHED ITS RUN AT THE RIALTO ON JUNE 15.



"UNNERVING AND QUITE BEAUTIFUL": "ORPHEUS," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THIS NEW FRENCH FILM IN WHICH ORPHEUS (JEAN MARAIS), AFTER HIS WIFE'S DEATH, FOLLOWS THE INSTRUCTIONS OF HEURTEBISE (FRANÇOIS PÉRIER) AND PUTS ON THE GLOVES OF DEATH WHICH WILL ENABLE HIM TO PASS THROUGH THE MIRROR LEADING TO THE KINGDOM OF DEATH.

incomprehension, have yielded to the temptation of dismissing it as "pretentious twaddle" or as "Poppy-cocteau" (to use the phrase devised by the wag-about-town when the same author's "The Eagle Has Two Heads" was first acted in London). It is, on the other hand, not twaddle of any sort. It is as nebulous as moonshine and as dreamy as death. It is of a subtlety which I flatter myself I can here and there begin to understand, and in other places it is of a subtlety which I rather suspect I would dislike myself for fully understanding. It is the cinema's equivalent of a poem of Mallarmé—amorphous, hyper-delicate, evocative, and as mystical as a scent to which one cannot give a name. One does not look for strict logic in it any more than one would look for so hard a quality in a canvas of Guys or a piano-aquarelle of Debussy.

But let me digress for a moment to deal with such things as cattle-disease in Africa, and the tsetse-fly, and a women's choir in Ottawa, and the ceremony of Trooping the Colour! Why so? Because these were the topics dealt with in two short films and a

march of the Coldstream Guards should be so happily and so surprisingly none other than Figaro's "Non più andrai." The women's choir feature was well enough, since it contained the revelation that Palestrina is popular in Canada. But the little scientific film called "Tsetse" was of the greatest value and fascination—one of a series which is a sideline (and, I hope, a popular one) of the remarkable J. Arthur Rank. This kind of thing seems to me infinitely preferable to those silly off-Disney cartoons as a means of padding-out a programme. Having shown us clearly—and without overmuch jocosity in the commentary—how the tsetse-fly causes the plague called "nagana" in Central Africa, Mr. Rank may very well proceed to film the whole of Fabre. Close-ups of termites and weevils and wasps and dragonfly-grubs would be such a piquant change from close-ups of all those stars of ours! More seriously, I hope the fact that Mr. Rank is sponsoring so responsible a series really does mean that there is at last a serious public demand for serious scientific "shorts."

Let me now give my patient peruser an inkling of what happens in "Orpheus," or at least of what happens at the beginning of "Orpheus," since it would surpass my ability—as indeed it has surpassed that of my colleagues—to give anything like a lucid account of its whole plot. The film begins with some unsatisfactory "credits"—unsatisfactory because they are insufficiently particularised. We are clearly told that



"AS NEAR TO SHEER POETRY AS ANY FILM I HAVE EVER SEEN": "ORPHEUS," WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JEAN COCTEAU, SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH ORPHEUS (JEAN MARAIS), WEARING THE GLOVES OF DEATH, FOLLOWS HEURTEBISE (FRANÇOIS PÉRIER) THROUGH THE DARK MIRROR INTO THE UNDERWORLD.

sumptuous. Here the first thing the Princess does is to restore Cégeste to life. "You know who I am?" she says, and the young man answers: "Yes, you are my Death!"

We are just about to murmur "Curiouser and curiouser!" like Alice, when appropriately enough the Princess walks with her younger poet through a looking-glass. And from this point onwards the proceedings are so unaccountable that no account need be expected from this pen at least. There is a lengthy episode in which the Princess appears to kill Eurydice, who is Orpheus's faithful and much-tried wife. There is some baffling business about a wireless-set whose announcers appear to be in Limbo and break forth into utterances like those the protesting real-life poet above-mentioned has cited. There is an oft-repeated insistence on the mystical quality of mirrors as being "the doors through which death comes and goes." And so on, fantastically.

"Orpheus" is inconclusive, vague, nympholeptic, and—if you like—more than a little mad. But it is nevertheless an exquisite experience. It is unnerving and quite beautiful. And it comes as near to sheer poetry as any film I have ever seen.

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RETOLD IN A FILM: THE HEROIC STORY OF ODETTE CHURCHILL, G.C.



AT THE START OF TWO YEARS OF SUFFERING: ODETTE (ANNA NEAGLE) QUESTIONED BY THE COMMANDANT OF THE ITALIAN PRISON WHERE SHE IS FIRST TAKEN AFTER CAPTURE.



"I STILL HAVE NOTHING TO SAY": ODETTE (ANNA NEAGLE); IS BROUGHT BY HER INTERROGATORS FROM THE GESTAPO TORTURE-CHAMBER IN A STATE OF COLLAPSE.



THE TWO ODETTEs: ANNA NEAGLE (L.), WHO TAKES THE PART OF ODETTE IN THE FILM; AND ODETTE MARIE CHURCHILL, G.C. (R.) WHOSE HEROIC STORY HAS NOW BEEN FILMED.



PERFORMING THEIR IMPORTANT WARTIME MISSION: A MEMBER OF THE MAQUIS (RIGHT) DELIVERS A MESSAGE TO ARNAUD (PETER USTINOV), THE "GROUP" RADIO OPERATOR.



WITH THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE PART OF CAPTAIN PETER CHURCHILL IN THE FILM: THE REAL-LIFE ODETTE AND TREVOR HOWARD.

IN REAL LIFE AND IN A FILM: CAPTAIN PETER CHURCHILL—ODETTE'S COMMANDING OFFICER AND LATER HUSBAND—WITH ANNA NEAGLE, WHO IS ODETTE IN THE FILM.



ENTERING THE GATES OF HELL: ODETTE (ANNA NEAGLE; LEFT) ARRIVES AT THE GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP, WITH OTHER PRISONERS, UNDER ARMED GUARD.

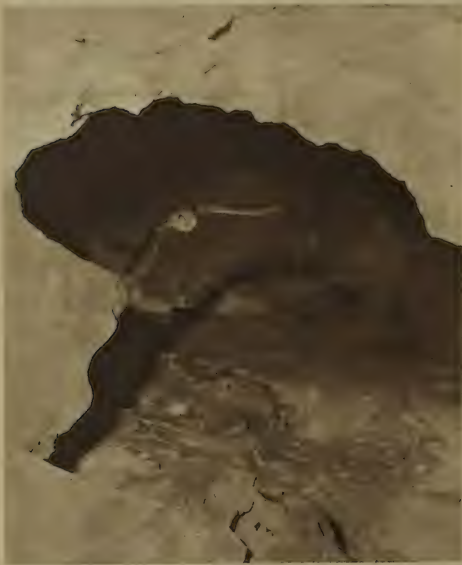


DELIVERED TO THE AMERICANS BY THE COMMANDANT OF THE GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP: ODETTE (ANNA NEAGLE) IS BEWILDERED BY THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

The King and Queen recently attended the London première of "Odette," the film produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox, with the help of the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry, which tells the story of Mrs. Odette Churchill, the French-born woman who was decorated with the George Cross for her heroic work with the French Resistance during the war. Miss Anna Neagle plays the part of Odette with great skill and sincerity; and Trevor Howard is admirably cast as Captain Peter Churchill,

liaison officer with the Maquis, who is also captured by the Gestapo. Colonel Maurice Buckmaster re-enacts his real-life rôle as head of the special unit co-operating with the French Resistance. On this page we reproduce some scenes from the film, together with photographs of Anna Neagle and Trevor Howard, for comparison with the real-life Odette Churchill and Captain Peter Churchill, whom they portray on the screen. Also in the cast are Marius Goring and Peter Ustinov.

EXTENDING THE TECHNIQUE OF BIRD STUDY TO BATS: BANDING



A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT IN FULL FLIGHT, WINGING ITS WAY OUT OF A TUNNEL IN A CAVE AT BUCKFASTLEIGH: TAKEN IN THE 1/3000-SEC. OF AN ELECTRONIC SPEED-FLASH.



AN INSULT TO EVEN A BAT'S DIGNITY! A REAR VIEW OF A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT, PHOTOGRAPHED AS IT SPRAWLS ON THE SCALE-PAW WHILE IT IS BEING WEIGHED.

Concerning the remarkable photographs on this page, Mr. J. H. D. Hooper, of the Devon Spelaeological (Cave-exploring) Society, writes: "During the past few years, members of the Devon Spelaeological Society have been carrying out large-scale banding experiments on the numerous bats which inhabit caves, old mine-workings and other underground cavities in Devonshire. To date, approximately 740 bats have been banded with numbered aluminium rings. These rings, shaped initially like the letter 'C,' weigh only 0.05 grams and are



WITH ITS DARK SILKEN WINGS TIGHTLY WRAPPED ABOUT ITS BODY: A SLEEPING LESSER HORSESHOE BAT PHOTOGRAPHED AS IT CLINGS TO THE ROUGH WALL OF A DEVON CAVE.



MEMBERS OF THE DEVON SPELAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY WEIGHING A BAT, AS PART OF A RECORDING SCHEDULE. DURING HIBERNATION BATS LOSE ABOUT A THIRD OF THEIR WEIGHT.

clamped round the bat's forearm (*i.e.*, wing-bone), just behind the wrist. Great care is taken not to puncture the delicate wing membrane and to ensure that the ring will not restrict growth of the bone. Most of the bats handled have been Greater Horseshoe bats (*Rhinolophus ferrum-equinum*), but the total mentioned above also includes 150 Lesser Horseshoe bats (*R. hipposideros*). Recovery of ringed bats is high, the figure for Greater Horseshoes being 58 per cent, and much interesting information is being gained about the habits and movements of this species. Many individuals have been found again more than once and, in fact, the number of 're-finds' (612) recorded for the Greater Horseshoe bats exceeds the number ringed (566). Some bats have been found half-a-dozen times since they were ringed, and one individual has now been handled no fewer than fourteen times and thus is becoming quite an old friend. Another 'old friend' recently found was a Greater Horseshoe bat which, during November, 1948, was sent up to London by rail to make a 'personal appearance'

AND WEIGHING THE HORSESHOE BATS IN SOME DEVON CAVES.



A SLEEPING GREATER HORSESHOE BAT: THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS DELIBERATELY REPRODUCED UPSIDE DOWN TO SHOW THE FORMATION OF THE FACE AND THE FOLDING OF THE WINGS.



BATS CAN BITE! A CLOSE-UP OF A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT SHOWING RESENTMENT, AND SINKING NEEDLE-SHARP TEETH INTO THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S WIFE'S FINGER.

in the B.B.C. Television programme, 'Picture Page.' After the broadcast, it was returned to Devon and released: it was gratifying, therefore, to find this particular bat a year later and apparently none the worse for its unusual experience—probably the first occasion when a live bat has appeared before the television cameras. Since this work began, more than 200 flights longer than 1 mile have been recorded for the Greater Horseshoe bats, and it is being found that these bats do not remain in the locality in which they are first found, but range over a very wide area. Thus, bats ringed at Buckfastleigh—distant, in caves at Yealming (14 miles distant) and in a disused copper-mine near Tavistock (17 miles distant). Many of these long flights have taken place during the winter months and show convincingly that the hibernatory sleep of this species is not deep, and that it is, in fact, broken at frequent intervals. During the winter of 1949-50 over 400 bats have been weighed



ALSO REPRODUCED UPRIGHT, LIKE THE PICTURE, LEFT: A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT, PARTIALLY AWAKENED AND BEGINNING TO UNFURL ITS WINGS. NOTE THE CLAW-LIKE THUMBS.



SOME OF THE DEVON CAVES CONTAIN CLUSTERS OF AS MANY AS 300 HIBERNATING BATS: HERE MRS. HOOPER IS EXAMINING A SMALL CLUSTER OF GREATER HORSESHOE BATS.

and recorded. From December until April, a steady decline in weight has been noted, and in many instances this decrease has amounted to approximately one-third of the bat's weight. Thus, Greater Horseshoes which weighed about 24 grams in December, only weighed about 16 grams when handled again in the spring. The work outlined above is proving a fascinating spare-time hobby for members of the Devon Spelaeological Society: it is carried out mainly at week-ends—when visits are made to caves and the like, in search of bats."

IN THE MASTERLY FRENCH MANNER:
ART OF THIS CENTURY AND THE LAST.



"BATEAUX ET BARQUES DANS L'ARRIÈRE PORT": BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898). A CHARACTERISTIC WORK OF THE ARTIST, SIGNED AND DATED 1881. (18½ by 29½ ins.)



"LANDSCAPE": BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). THIS HIGHLY INTERESTING EARLY WORK BY THE ARTIST IS SIGNED AND DATED 1873. (20 by 32 ins.)



"ISAURE EN BACCHANTE": BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877). EXHIBITED AT THE GALERIE GEORGES BENHEIM, PARIS, IN 1911. SIGNED. (28½ by 23½ ins.)



"JEUNES FILLES ASSISES": BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1920). A PASTEL OF OUTSTANDING BEAUTY AND DELICACY. SIGNED. (31 by 25½ ins.)



"JEUNE FEMME ASSISE EN TOILETTE DU SOIR": BY CONSTANTIN GUYS (1805-1892), AT ONE TIME A STAFF ARTIST OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. (9 by 6½ ins.)



"SUNNY MORNING": BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-1879). EXHIBITED AT THE C.E.M.A. FRENCH SCHOOL EXHIBITION, 1943. OIL ON PANEL. (18 by 9½ ins.)



"LES QUAIS DE LA SEINE ET NOTRE DAME DE PARIS": BY JOHAN BARTHOOLD JONGKIND (1819-1891). SIGNED AND DATED 1854. (17 by 25½ ins.)

THE Exhibition of French Masters of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries (Second Series) at the Marlborough Fine Art Galleries, in Old Bond Street, consists of an extremely choice collection of paintings and water-colour drawings illustrating aspects of French art during the last century and the first quarter of this. The early Gauguin landscape, formerly in the collections of Goldsmidt, at Frankfort, and Guggenheim, in Berlin, is an interesting painting; and the series of water-colour drawings by Constantin Guys, whose work was so well known to a past generation of readers of *The Illustrated London News*, are exceptionally brilliant. The large Renoir pastel of two young girls seated together is a very fine work, and the exhibits also include a number of characteristically attractive Boudins, three Lépins and a Picasso painting of the fashionable crowd at Longchamp. This was painted in 1881, and will surprise those who are not acquainted with his work of that period. The exhibition will continue until the middle of July.



"AU BAL DE L'OPÉRA": BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1892). SIGNED WITH MONOGRAM. (25½ by 20 ins.)

THEY THAT
GO DOWN
TO THE SEA
IN SHIPS:
A MARITIME
MISCELLANY.

During the voyage of the *Chusan* (24,000 tons gross) from the Tail of the Bank, Clyde, to Southampton, she was, on June 14, made to roll several times when steaming at 19 knots in a calm sea, and then brought back to an even keel. This was to demonstrate the Denny-Brown Ship Stabiliser, which (as illustrated in the drawing of *Chusan* by our diagrammatic artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A., in our issue of June 17) is fitted to her. The experiment was made because the weather was too fine for normal testing in rough seas, and a stabiliser which can induce rolling in a calm sea, by reversing its action, will reduce the motion to about the same extent in a rough one. *Chusan* is the first ship of her size to have the stabiliser (which has proved successful with cross-Channel ships and R.N. destroyers) fitted.

(RIGHT.)
MAKING THE NEW P. & O. LINER
CHUSAN ROLL 12 DEGREES FROM
THE VERTICAL IN A PERFECTLY
CALM SEA: A PERFORMANCE TO
DEMONSTRATE THE EFFICACY OF
THE DENNY-BROWN STABILISING
SYSTEM.



CONTROLLED BY RADIO TONES OF VARYING MUSICAL PITCH TRANSMITTED FROM
THE CONTROLLING VESSEL: A NEW R.A.F. TARGET LAUNCH.
A 68-ft. R.A.F. air-sea rescue craft converted into a remote-controlled fast sea-going bomber target for the R.A.F., was demonstrated at Portsmouth on June 14. It is operated by a system of radio control invented by Mr. F. Parfitt. Tones of varying musical pitch are transmitted from the controlling vessel to the launch, in which a number of relays are installed. Each one responds to a special note and operates a part of the launch's machinery. The vessel is armoured to withstand attack from 25,000 ft.



EN ROUTE FOR GARELOCH, WHERE SHE IS TO BE LAID UP—UNTIL SHE IS AGAIN
NEEDED FOR SERVICE AT SEA: THE BATTLESHIP *KING GEORGE V.*, WHICH HAS
BEEN PROOFED AGAINST WEATHER BY THE NEW "PACKAGING" PROCESS.



RETURNING TO HER HOME PORT, FLEETWOOD: THE TRAWLER *LOCH ESK*, WHOSE SKIPPER,
MR. JAMES RICHARD WAYMAN, WAS WOUNDED IN AN ATTACK BY EIRE FISHERMEN.
While fishing off the Donegal coast the *Loch Esk* was attacked by armed Eire fishermen, and her skipper wounded in the thigh. A Portaleen fisherman charged at a special court in Culdariff was remanded till June 20. The affair arose over alleged fishing in Eire's territorial waters.



EXAMINING A SEALED-UP GUN: *MIRANDA*, OF *KING GEORGE V.* THE TEMPERATURE
AND HUMIDITY GAUGE CAN BE INSPECTED THROUGH THE APERTURE.
King George V. (35,000 tons) left Portsmouth for the Clyde on June 15. She has been
preserved by the new "packaging" process. Her 14-in. guns are sealed, her radar gear
and smaller guns covered with plastic envelopes "spun" on frames of netting and webbing.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION JUBILEE: TREASURES FROM HERTFORD HOUSE.



SIGNED BY MAESTRO GIORGIO AND DATED APRIL 6, 1525: A DISH OF LUSTRED GUBBIO MAJOLICA, WITH A DESIGN OF WOMEN BATHING, IN A LANDSCAPE. (Diameter, 17½ ins.)

THE Wallace Collection, a magnificent assemblage of works of art, including paintings, furniture, sculpture, ceramics and armour, was bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace in 1897. Parliament voted £80,000 to buy Hertford House (built in 1776-88 by the Duke of Manchester, and later the residence of the Marquesses of Hertford) and the adaptation of the mansion as a public gallery; and it was opened on June 22, 1900, by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King

[Continued below.]
(RIGHT.) PROBABLY PURCHASED IN 1763 BY CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA: A CARTONNIER

OF OAK, LACQUERED WITH GREEN VERNIS MARTIN, MADE BY RENÉ DUBOIS (1737-1799). (Overall height 6 ft. 10½ ins.)



ATTRIBUTED TO ANDRÉ CHARLES BOULLE (1642-1732): A WARDROBE OF OAK VENEERED WITH EBONY AND BOULLE MARQUETRY. (Height, 8 ft. 4 ins.; width, 5 ft. 4 ins.)



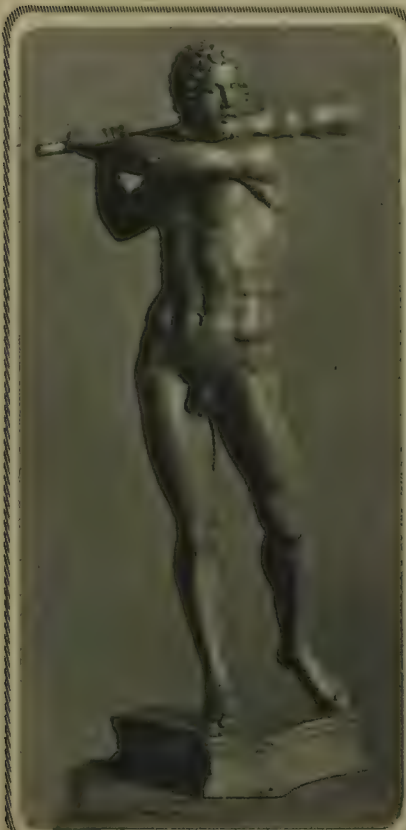
LOUIS XIV.: A MARBLE BUST BY ANTOINE COYSEVOX (1640-1672), A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF FRENCH COURT PORTRAITURE. (Life size.)



SIR RICHARD WALLACE, BART. (1818-1890), WHO INHERITED THE COLLECTION FROM HIS FATHER, THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD: A PHOTOGRAPH, 1888.



LADY WALLACE (d. 1897), WIDOW OF SIR RICHARD WALLACE; BY CHARLES AUGUSTE LÉBOURG (1829-1906). SHE BEQUEATHED THE COLLECTION TO THE NATION. (Life size.)



"HERCULES": A BOXWOOD STATUETTE BY FRANCESCO DA SANT' AGATA OF PADUA. PURCHASED BY SIR RICHARD WALLACE IN 1871. (Height, 10½ ins.)



PURCHASED BY MARIE ANTOINETTE IN 1782: A PERFUME-BURNER OF RED JASPER ON A BRONZE TRIPOD BY PIERRE GONTHIÈRE (1732-1814) (Height, 19 ins.)

[Continued.]
Edward VII. Thus it celebrates its Jubilee this year, and the Trustees of the Collection arranged to mark the occasion by an evening reception on June 22, at which their Majesties the King and Queen and other members of the Royal family graciously consented to be present. On this and the facing page we reproduce objects in the collection. The *cartonnier* of oak lacquered with green Vernis Martin is part of a suite of furniture by René Dubois, probably purchased c. 1763 by the Empress Catherine of Russia. The Marquess of Hertford acquired it in 1855 from Mr. Frederick Davis, who had bought it at St. Petersburg. The perfume-burner, once the property of Marie Antoinette, sold under the first Consulate, was bought by the Marquess of Hertford at the sale of the Prince of Beauvau in 1865 for 31,900 francs.



POT-POURRI VASE AND COVER IN THE FORM OF A SHIP (*VAISSEAU À MÂT*) OF ORS BLEU AND APPLE-GREEN, SÈVRES PORCELAIN, UNDATED, BUT PROBABLY MADE c. 1755. (Height, 17½ ins.)



BRONZE STATUETTE OF A NIOBE (ONE OF THE MASSACRED CHILDREN OF NIOBE) BY FRANCESCO DA SANT' AGATA OF PADUA. (Height, 12½ ins.)

THE FOUNDER OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION, AND TREASURES IT CONTAINS.



GIVEN BY THE CITY OF PARIS ON DECEMBER 13, 1600, TO HENRY IV. ON HIS MARRIAGE TO MARIE DE' MEDICI: A DAGGER OF RUSSETED STEEL DAMASCENED IN GOLD.



MADE c. 1610 BY A CRAFTSMAN OF THE GREENWICH SCHOOL: THE GAUNTLET OF HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES. THE REMAINDER OF THE ARMOUR IS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



THE PRINCIPAL FOUNDER OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION, RICHARD, FOURTH MARQUESS OF HERTFORD (1800-1870).



FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF LOUIS XV.'S TRÉSORIER-GÉNÉRAL: A CHEST OF DRAWERS VENEERED IN OAK WITH KINGWOOD AND MOUNTED WITH BRONZE AND GILT.

Continued.
fourth Marquess of Hertford (1800-1870), who spent most of his life in Paris, where he lived the life of a recluse. He bequeathed his works of art to his son, Sir Richard Wallace, Bart. (1818-1890), whose photograph, taken two years before his death, is reproduced on our facing page. It is to Sir Richard that the collection owes the Renaissance objects it contains, and also the arms and armour, as well as some paintings. Lady Wallace, formerly Amélie-Julie Charlotte

[Continued right, centre.]



"THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). THIS PORTRAIT, SIGNED AND DATED 1759, WAS COMMISSIONED BY MADAME DE POMPADOUR AND REMAINED IN HER POSSESSION UNTIL HER DEATH IN 1764.

Continued.
Castelnau, survived her husband and on her death in 1897, as noted on our facing page, she bequeathed the collection to the nation. It is housed in Hertford House, the former residence of the Marquesses of Hertford, which is said to be the original of Gaunt House, in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," in which the third Marquess figures as the Marquess of Steyne. During the war the works of art were—in common with other national treasures—kept in a place of safety, and Hertford House did not escape damage by enemy attack, but on July 20, 1945, it reopened its doors to the public and displayed some of its treasures once more in twelve of its twenty-two galleries. To mark this, as our readers may recall, we published on August 4, 1945, a double page of photographs of some of the masterpieces in the collection, choosing those which have the added interest of illustrating some event in French history or being associated with a romantic story, in addition to their intrinsic importance as great works of art. Hertford House is now fully restored, and at the evening reception arranged in honour of the Jubilee of its opening, at which their Majesties graciously consented to be present, an opportunity was given to those present to see the great collection in its full beauty.



"SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE, VENICE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), ONE OF A SERIES OF VIEWS OF VENICE PURCHASED BY THE FOURTH MARQUESS OF HERTFORD IN 1865.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A NEW WORK ON CHINESE JADE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

The above provides an example of Mr. Hansford's determination to find out things for himself and not to depend upon hearsay or literary evidence. He preserves a nice balance between the claims of the distant past and the present, and has some shrewd things to say about the modern jade carvers, whom he considers worthy heirs of a great tradition. He points out that whereas the earlier jade animals are nearly always represented in compact and rigid attitudes, the Peking craftsmen to-day often work in a far looser manner, and he gives a remarkable example in an illustration of two spinach-green jade grasshoppers (Fig. 2). Nineteen of the photographs are of actual

operations, showing the use of the various tools; another forty or fifty contrive to present the progress of the craft throughout about 3000 years. Of these, two at least remain as astonishing to me as when I saw them at the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House in 1935, and I believe most people who remember them there will like to be reminded of them.

The first is the magnificent disc—presumably a developed form of the ritual Pi or symbol of Heaven—with its vigorous prowling animals on the circumference (the author insists they are lions, by the way, and gives his reasons, but surely they are the most dragon-like of dragons?), which was lent by the Kansas City Museum, and which is thought to date from the period of The Warring States (481-221 B.C.)—i.e., after the collapse of the Chou Dynasty (Fig. 4).

The second is the single piece of yellow jade in the form of three seals (not the animals—seals for the writing-table), which are connected by chains, which was lent by the Chinese Government (Fig. 3). It is a very simple design, and would be pleasant in any case even if the three seals were connected in some other way, but one can never cease to marvel at the endless patience and uncanny skill which so delicate an operation demanded. By way of contrast two famous and very large jade carvings are illustrated in the book, the wine vessel carved with animals rising from the waves (about 4 ft. 6 ins. in width) which is in the Round Fort, Peking, and which Taoist priests used as a vegetable bin before the Emperor Ch'ien-lung had it honoured by dedicatory verses composed by himself (Fig. 1). There seems to be no doubt that this magnificent bowl was made during the Yuan Dynasty (1280-1368 A.D.). The second great piece is the Jade Mountain, about 7 ft. high,



FIG. 1. THE FAMOUS "BLACK JADE WINE-BOWL" WHICH STANDS IN THE ROUND FORT IN PEKING. It has an approximate width of 4 ft. 6 ins. and is of very dark green nephrite with lighter patches. It dates from the Yuan Dynasty and the interior is inscribed with three poems by the Emperor Ch'ien-lung. The photograph was taken by H.R.H. The Crown Prince of Sweden.

This part makes heavy going for the amateur who has not before submitted himself to so severe a discipline. Mr. Hansford spares us nothing, and he is more than justified, for this is a serious study and not one of your flibberty-gibbet essays in detective fiction. He is thoughtful, judicious, and never takes authority at its face value. But the examination of literary sources is one thing, the point of view of the man who actually lives with and works the material is another, and to many the most interesting



FIG. 2. TO ILLUSTRATE MODERN JADE-CARVING TECHNIQUE: A PAIR OF SPINACH-GREEN GRASSHOPPERS, FROM MR. HANSFORD'S COLLECTION. (2½ ins. and 3½ ins. long.)



FIG. 3. A SIMPLE DESIGN CALLING FOR "ENDLESS PATIENCE AND UNCANNY SKILL": THREE SEALS OF YELLOW JADE CONNECTED BY CHAINS. CH'ING DYNASTY.

The property of the Chinese Government, the photograph being the copyright of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

and revealing section of the book will be the author's account of modern practice. In 1938 and 1939 he made friends with some of the Peking lapidaries and had many conversations with them. He learnt their methods and took photographs. He explains the way in which the various tools are used to-day and, with his sound archaeological background, is able to show how the work was carried out in the distant past.

For example, "The holes in most of the ancient Chinese stone tools are beautifully neat and circular. It may be thought that this could only have been achieved with metal drills. In the case of the smallest holes this may be true, but for the making of drills down to three or four millimetres in diameter, nature had provided the Chinese with an almost perfect material—the bamboo." Strange at first sight that so hard a material as jade could be worked by so soft a medium! But, he continues, "I myself have no doubt that the bamboo, imported to North China from regions further south, furnished drills for making perforations of all sizes, including the large ones in ritual objects. I have recently drilled neat conical holes in small pieces of nephrite, using a short length of bamboo and ordinary builder's sand. . . . When a bronze drill was first employed, it was probably used only to make small holes, while the bamboo tube may have long continued in use to make the larger orifices. Bronze would have been scarce at first, and a bronze tube costly to make and hardly more efficient than a bamboo one."



FIG. 4. A GREAT DISC OF LIGHT GREEN AND WHITE JADE, ORNAMENTED WITH FIGURES OF LIONS, TWO AT CIRCUMFERENCE, ONE AT THE CENTRE. FROM THE PERIOD OF THE WARRING STATES. (8½ ins. wide.)

In the collection of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City. The illustrations on this page are reproduced from the book "Chinese Jade Carving" by Courtesy of the Publishers, Lund Humphries and Co. Ltd.

in the Forbidden City, carved with scenes representing the flood-prevention works of the Emperor Yü the Great, and with an Imperial inscription of 1788 A.D. The carving of so large a mass as the wine-bowl seems to point to the use of a new abrasive. The author suggests this was corundum, and he concludes that as a result of the Tartar conquest a new source of jade-carving abrasive was opened up and was exploited by Kublai Khan.

There is a record of 106 families having been sent in 1279 A.D. to collect annually 200 piculs of the sand of Hsia-Shui for grinding jade. These were probably political prisoners sent to a forced labour camp for indulging in dangerous thoughts—tyranny repeats itself throughout the centuries. To-day, of course, the modern carborundum is available.

Attention has already been drawn to the author's careful investigation of the tools and methods used by the lapidaries with whom he made friends during his stay in Peking, and of the way in which the practical knowledge thus acquired has aided him in reaching conclusions concerning the problems which neolithic man in China had to solve. This study is reinforced by a brief but illuminating survey of what is known regarding jade-carving in Mexico and New Zealand, the two regions of the earth's surface (apart from China) where jade has been treasured as a precious material and given a ceremonial significance. The book is full of closely-reasoned argument, and, in my opinion, will remain a standard work for many years. Incidentally, two photomicrographs (magnification X 25) show the fibrous structure of nephrite and the granular structure of jadeite more vividly than the most accurate chemical formulae.

JADE CARVING IN MODERN CHINA: SOME TRADITIONAL METHODS IN AN ANCIENT ART.



PREPARATION OF THE ABRASIVE: GARNETS OR FRAGMENTS OF CORUNDUM CRYSTALS ARE SPREAD UPON A DONKEY-DRAWN STONE MILL AND CRUSHED TO PRODUCE THE JADE-CARVER'S "SAND," WHICH IS THEN SIFTED AND GRADED.



THE PEBBLE OR BLOCK OF JADE IS "SKINNED" AND CUT TO THE REQUIRED SHAPE ON THE BENCH BY THIS TOOTHLESS CIRCULAR SAW, TO THE EDGE OF WHICH THE CRAFTSMAN APPLIES THE WET ABRASIVE.



THE TUBULAR DRILL: AFTER A VESSEL HAS BEEN ROUGHLY SHAPED, IT IS HOLLOWED BY A TUBULAR BOW-DRILL FILLED WITH "SAND" AND WATER, AND OPERATED BY AN APPRENTICE.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced (by courtesy) from the book "Chinese Jade Carving," reviewed on the opposite page. The author, Mr. S. Howard Hansford, writes:

THERE can be few arts and no craft more exacting than those of the jade-carver, as practised in Peking in recent years. His material is not only hard, but, on account of its peculiar structure, exceptionally tough, and is worked by the application of abrasives still harder than itself. The natural abrasives, prepared by milling, have now been superseded to a large extent by imported carborundum. Most of the processes are

carried out on rough wooden benches, or lathes. Each bench supports in wooden bearings a horizontal shaft of wood, for use with tools of large diameter, or of iron for the smaller tools. The shaft is rotated by the action of bamboo treadles operated by the craftsman's feet. Most of the tools are made of steel or of wrought iron. The former, which are essentially cutting tools, are made of sheet metal, and range from two feet to half an inch in diameter. The iron tools are forged by blacksmiths who specialise in the service of the jade trade. These latter tools are made in a great variety of shapes, but they may all be separated into three categories of grinders, gouges and drills. There is much specialisation within the craft. The soft but brilliant polish of the finished carving is achieved by going over the surface with wheels of wood and leather smeared with a finely abrasive polishing medium.



THE HOLLOW INTERIOR OF A VASE IS ENLARGED BY IRON GOUGES FIXED IN THE HOLLOW SHAFT OF THE TREADLE LATHE, AND MADE TO ROTATE IN THE ABRASIVE MIXTURE.



VESSELS AND FIGURINES ARE SHAPED BY A VARIETY OF DRILLS AND GRINDING WHEELS, TO THE HEADS AND EDGES OF WHICH THE CRAFTSMAN APPLIES THE WET "SAND." CORUNDUM AND GARNET ARE NOW LARGELY SUPERSEDED BY CARBORUNDUM.



PERFORATIONS ARE MADE BY A DIAMOND DRILL OPERATED BY THE BOW, AND ARE THEN ENLARGED AND SHAPED WITH A WIRE SAW WORKED TO AND FRO BY HAND AND CARRYING THE USUAL ABRASIVE.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week is wholly feminine, and I regret to say that it has no masterpiece. But it has variety enough; and to confound the orthodox, especially the male reader, it is not much concerned with love. The question is where to begin. But for charm and promise, if not solidity or plot, "The Beautiful Visit," by Elizabeth Jane Howard (Cape; 12s. 6d.), seems to me a long way ahead. It is a first novel, a young girl's record of her life. Now I come to think of it, I do believe she is nameless—which only means that she is all in all. The curtain goes up in Edwardian times, though we are told the author is too young to write of them from her own experience. So one would suppose; but she is also too young and self-preoccupied to feel it a disadvantage. After what is randomly described as "the usual childhood, with governesses," the heroine has nothing in the world to do but dislike her family, and cultivate a dark despair at their way of life. Her desolation and revolt are extremely vivid, but the life itself is quite vague. She is the youngest child of a composer—an unsuccessful one, although his works are performed; she has a romantic, ineffectual mother, and a sister absorbed in piety. And in a vague way, they are hard up. At least the house is drab and threadbare, and she loathes it and blushes for it. Her one desire is to exchange *everything*—including everyone she knows—for anything new. But it is impossible to make a start, or even a single friend.

Then at sixteen she goes for Christmas to the Lancings—distant and unknown relatives. This is her first experience of fun and beauty, and the flow of soul. It seems a mockery, for she is not asked again, but really it has stocked her future with the right people. Alone, she makes a number of pathetic dashes for liberty, with sinister or no results; then one by one the chosen few reappear, to bring her worship, incense, and at last a world of adventure.

Of course it won't do as a study of oppressed girlhood in the years around the First German War. The heroine could not have been so alone, or so bereft of chances—not if she was trying hard. And what she does escape to is obscure but incredible. However, that is not the point. The point is girlhood itself—girlhood self-contemplated, self-adoring, self-pitying. The heroine is always melting into tears of pure sensibility—that is, of sensibility to her predicament. She is not ready for a love-affair, she wants to be someone's idol; and then the lover has to die, before the situation degenerates. It may not sound charming, but it ought to, if you like romantic young things. And here the narcissism is relieved by a quick intelligence, a real though secondary interest in other lives, and that most precious gift, the gift of dialogue.

The heroine of "What Comes After," by Mary Dunstan (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), has not a grain of charm, or an admirer, however tepid; yet she has been quite content for thirty-six years. She "lived at home" with her beloved mother, in her dear Highlands; she was respected, popular, and busy in a small way. But then the war came, and the A.T.S. And now, to her surprise, she has been picked for a thrilling job in what is known officially as Camp 309.

Hester has never wanted a career, or thought herself at all brilliant. Yet now it seems she was mistaken. She must have talent, perhaps she only lacked opportunity. Ambition dazzles her, and takes the shine out of the old ways. In fact, she is bewitched by Camp 309—its informality, its secrecy, its fantastic drama, its hare-brained, scintillating staff. Her one idea is to be like them, and prove her mettle.

And really it is all a dream. They wanted a clerk; and N.C.O.s are not allowed to handle Most Secret documents. So they acquired her as a drudge—and find her a crashing bore. But when she realises her position, it is too late. Nothing will do but a career. Nothing, not conscience or her mother's health, shall force her back to Dunriegon. And when at last she is obliged to give up, that happy life, the life she was designed for, has become a penance. So, of course, she retorts her suffering on all around.

A moral story, but I think a muddled one. Would that kind of girl—staid, sensible and down-to-earth—have lost her head and her direction so very easily? Or, anyhow, been so persistent in the teeth of humiliation? If so, her lost content could only have been skin-deep, and then what happens to the moral? And there are other problems raised, yet not really faced. But Hester's struggle and delusion rouse a poignant sympathy.

As you would suppose, "The Enchanted Heart," by Marjorie Worthington (Collins; 8s. 6d.), contains a great deal of love. But not the love which Byron thought suitable; not love as "woman's whole existence." The scene is Toulon, and the lovers are American artists. Stickney is famous, fashionable, an aspirant to the grand style; Emily has the beginnings of a small but pure talent. She worships Stickney, and allows him to treat her anyhow, control or drop her just as he may see fit. He has a wife and children at home, and every autumn he returns to them and to his rich patrons. Only the summers are for Emily; but she demands no more. They live in Toulon, in an old warehouse, and she thinks herself happy. Indeed she might be happy, if her lover wanted only a slave. But there are moments, appalling moments, when he needs a victim. For he is mentally diseased, and is getting worse. Emily has borne that, too, as long as she could. But this last summer is the breaking-point. She must live and work; and if she is to live and work, she must give up John. Well, naturally—if her own mind is not diseased. But suppose he hadn't been a sadist, only a ruthless egoist? Then we should really have a problem, and a much better story. This one is slight but readable, with plenty of local colour.

I wish "A Murder is Announced," by Agatha Christie (Collins; 8s. 6d.)—her jubilee as a magician—could be ranked with her very best. Alas, it can't. A murder advertised in the village newspaper, billed to take place at Little Paddocks at 6.30 p.m., and luring all the neighbours to attend—the scheme is too forced, too great a handicap. One can't just believe it, either in advance or after the explanation. And what is worse and rarer, one is not baffled. Yet I would rather have a poor Christie than almost anything her rivals can do. She is not a, but the detective novelist: a species apart.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TO this week's game, the expert will react differently from the average player. Like the odour of civet, it will be one thing to one man, another to another.

I have seen few games which so simply and cleanly illustrate a number of important principles. Black violates these principles and duly suffers the consequences. To the expert these principles are second nature, and the game, from White's point of view, almost plays itself—it presents few outstanding features and is even insipid. A master up against Black's play in a "simultaneous" engagement would make every one of White's moves almost automatically.

The average player will find such relish in White's play that I feel rather a cad to "debunk" it. Anyway, here is the game, played in a Postal Chess Club tournament last year.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT, SLAV DEFENCE.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-------------|----------------|
| C. Bedford. | J. W. Prosser. |

| | |
|-----------|--------|
| 1. P-Q4 | P-Q4 |
| 2. P-QB4 | P-QB3 |
| 3. Kt-KB3 | Kt-B3 |
| 4. Kt-B3 | P-K3 |
| 5. P-K3 | QKt-Q2 |
| 6. B-Q3 | P×P |

The first violation of principle. This exchange leaves only White with a centre pawn on his fourth rank; all experience shows that this is usually hazardous unless that pawn can be speedily challenged by ... P-K4 or ... P-QB4.

| | |
|------------|-------|
| 7. B×BP | B-Kt5 |
| 8. Castles | B×Kt |

The second violation of principle. A bishop is a shade stronger than a knight and should not be freely exchanged for one without reason. It would be entirely different if White had played 8. P-QR3; the exchange would then have been bishop for knight *plus a half-wasted move*.

| | |
|----------|--------|
| 9. P×B | Kt-K5 |
| 10. Q-B2 | QKt-B3 |

Though the logical sequel to his last, this move is another breach of principle. This knight is wanted on Q2 to protect Black's QB4 and K4 squares for the counter-thrust mentioned.

| | |
|----------|-------|
| 11. B-Q3 | Kt-Q3 |
|----------|-------|

11. ... Q-Q4; 12. P-B4, Q-KB4; 13. Kt-Q2 would lose Black a knight.

| | |
|-----------|--------|
| 12. P-K4 | Kt-Kt4 |
| 13. B-Kt2 | |

If there is a blemish in White's play it is that here he should have played 13. P-QR4, Kt-B2; 14. B-R3, to hinder Black from castling.

| | |
|-----|-------|
| 13. | P-KR3 |
|-----|-------|

Development is the main theme hereabouts. White has five well-developed pieces, Black only two badly-developed pieces. Yet if Black were to castle as he wishes, he would lose a pawn by (13. ... Castles) 14. P-K5, Kt-Q4; 15. B×Pch.

| | |
|----------|-------|
| 14. P-B4 | Kt-B2 |
| 15. P-Q5 | |

Sacrifices a pawn, but is so obviously the right move that a good player would hardly notice the fact. Principle: with many more pieces in play than your opponent, smash open the game to give them full scope!

| | |
|----------|------|
| 15. | KP×P |
| 16. KP×P | P×P? |

The final blunder. He should have castled, though 17. P×P, P×P; 18. QR-Q1 threatening 19. B×Pch and 20. R×Q would still have left him in shocking shape.

| | |
|-------------|----------|
| 17. KR-Ktch | B-K3 |
| 18. P×P | Kt(B2)×P |
| 19. B-R3 | |

Even though the bishop has taken two moves to get here instead of one, this is still a powerful post for it.

| | |
|------------|-------|
| 19. | P-QR3 |
| 20. R×Bch! | |

Principle: Bishops are most effective in an open field.

| | |
|-----------------|------|
| 20. | P×R |
| 21. B-Kt6ch | K-Q2 |
| 22. Kt-K5 mate. | |

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FOR KEW AND SUBURBIA.

AS a gardener I am in the near-novice class. That is to say, I have not advanced far beyond that stage where one is able to smile pityingly and knowingly on those who insist on calling *philadelphus*, *syringa*. My knowledge is neither wide nor extensive. Only occasionally can I produce my joker and remark with carefully simulated casualness: "Isn't that *Cedrus atlantica glauca*?" It is therefore with a sense of unworthiness, a strong sense of inferiority, that I approach "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," by W. J. Bean (John Murray; 42s.). For the late Mr. Bean, sometime Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, first produced this monumental book before World War I. Happily, he was able to revise it after World War II., and the whole three volumes (of which this is the first) will have appeared before the end of the year. This learned work should have a place on every gardener's bookshelf, for even the humblest of us will profit from sitting at the feet of this green-fingered Gamaliel. Trees and woody plants have been the most valuable of Britain's imports ever since the Roman Legions brought with them the stone pine and the mulberry, the sweet chestnut and the walnut, to solace them with their fruits and remind them of their sunnier homes in Italy or Gaul, Spain or North Africa. As Mr. Bean suggests, in a valuable historical introduction, it has taken all sorts to make our woods and gardens: physicians such as William Turner, whose famous book, produced in 1548, the "Names of Herbes" won him the title of the "Father of English Botany"; churchmen such as Henry Compton, Bishop of London from 1675 to 1713, who had the finest collection of hardy trees and shrubs at Fulham then seen in England; a Duchess of Beaufort, and a Jacobite Duke of Atholl who earned the name of "The Planter" by planting 27,000,000 larch-trees, and a contemporary eighteenth-century Whig Duke of Argyll, the greatest collector of his time, whom Pope nicknamed "the treemonger" in consequence. Rich amateurs and humble kitchen gardeners, missionaries and doctors, they roamed the world from Louisiana to Kangsu, and Hawaii to Sikkim to give us the glories of Kew and the pride of suburbia. They suffered great hardships and many perils. Some were killed falling off the rocks whither their botanist's zeal had taken them; some were chopped up by the publicity-shy Tibetans; some, like the great David Douglas, fell into pit-traps set by the Sandwich Islanders for wild bulls. (In his case, a bull was unfortunately there before him and resented his fellow-prisoner.) But the modern effects of their work are recorded in Mr. Bean's book with loving care in this volume of over 700 pages, which only takes us as far as the "Cs"—including my friend *C. atlantica var. glauca*. And at the end of it I must warn my friends that my encyclopaedic knowledge is immensely larger. *C. atlantica glauca* no longer stands alone.

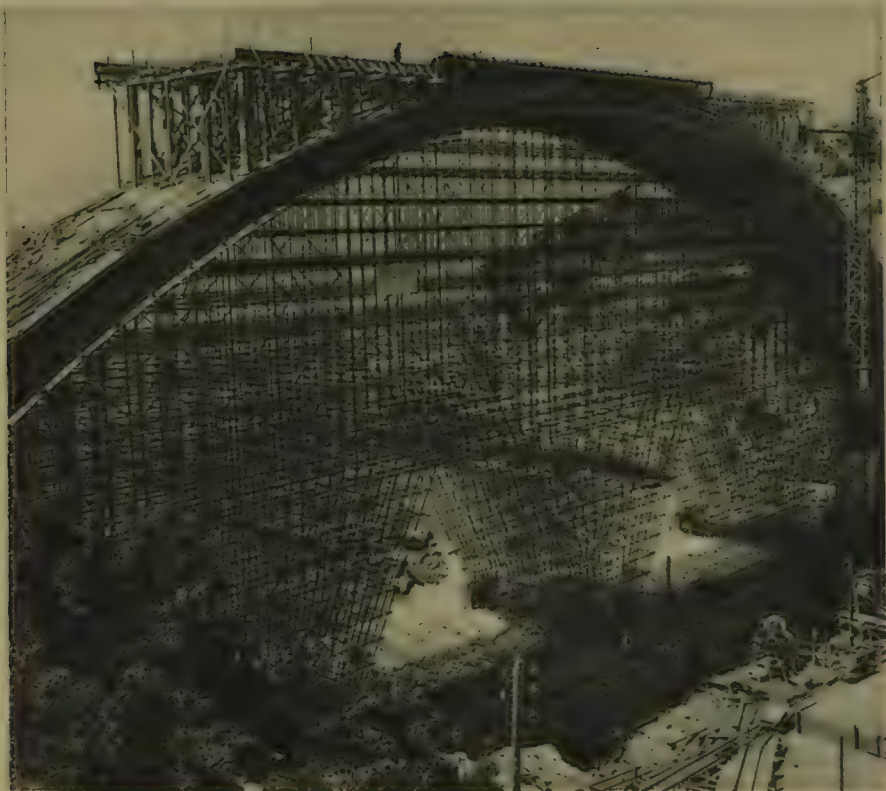
Perhaps no region in the world still presents such opportunities to the botanist as Latin-America, and a full and vivid account of how the University of California botanical expeditions took advantage of some at least of those opportunities is given in "Plant Hunters in the Andes," by T. Harper Goodspeed (Robert Hale; 21s.). The author, with his wife and eight assistants, covered virtually the whole of the Pacific coast of Latin America in their search for rare plants. The resulting book will interest the botanist, but it will also please those familiar with Latin-America and those who must perforce do their travelling in an armchair *via* the printed page. For Mr. Goodspeed has an engaging pen and an observant eye, and the result is a first-class travel-book, most fully and satisfyingly illustrated. Not that Mr. Goodspeed and his companions were travelling in the interests of pure science. Their discovery of the lost *Nicotiana*, for example, had, as he puts it, "a large dollar sign attached." For the Southern tobacco-growers have long been looking for a disease-resistant plant, rather as the European vine-growers welcomed with joy the American vines which were resistant to the phylloxera which all but wiped out the European vineyards in the '70's of the last century.

The four heroes of a book, which it would be well to read together with "Plant Hunters of the Andes"—"South America Called Them," by Victor von Hagen (Hale; 21s.)—were all drawn by the disinterested motives of the explorer and the scientist. La Condamine, Humboldt, Charles Darwin and Richard Spruce—the French aristocrat, the Prussian diplomat, the English scientist who was typical of the rising, questing, prosperous Victorian middle-class, and the poor Yorkshire-Scottish schoolmaster, all fell under the spell and fascination of Latin-America. This account of their travels, sufferings and hardships (I know of few more vivid evocations than Mr. von Hagen's picture of the terrible journey down the Amazon of the indomitable Mme. Godin, who found herself alone and ill, surrounded by the most terrible jungle in the world, with the rapidly putrefying bodies of her companions for sole company) is most excellently done. Indeed, the merits of the book are sufficient to outweigh an occasional incursion into the Hollywood school of writing—especially when dealing with European affairs. Phrases such as "François the First screamed," or "Louis shouted, 'Henceforth the Pyrenees no longer exist,'" jar on a sensitive ear.

"Ilex and Olive," by Michael Swan (Home and Van Thal; 16s.), is a pleasant excursion (or series of them) to France and Italy. His descriptions of places and people, and the young ladies he met, are all thrown together with as little method as I employ with my packing. It is more by luck than judgment, one feels, that the essentials will be there when one gets to one's destination. But in Mr. Swan's case the destination is always pleasant—and well worth the untidiness of the packing or the occasional appearance of some dirty underwear which should have been decently sent to the laundry.

To come nearer home, of making many books about Stratford-upon-Avon there is no end. Nor will there be till the last American has taken the last film and consulted the last guide-book. But dollar-spenders and mere natives alike cannot do better than buy "The Story of Stratford-upon-Avon," by that distinguished critic Mr. J. C. Trewin (Staples; 8s. 6d.). "Indispensable" is a suitable word—"delightful" a better.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



A MAZE OF GIRDERS LIKE A STUDY OF PERSPECTIVE DRAUGHTSMANSHIP: AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING IN AN ITALIAN BRIDGE PROJECT.

Since Roman times, the Italians have been masters of road engineering, and the Italian Government is now pushing forward with many post-war road projects. This single-span bridge, about 330 yards long, over a deep valley near Leghorn, is to replace one destroyed by naval bombardment.



ANOTHER BOY SCOUT ACT FOR "MAN'S BEST FRIEND": AN ALSATIAN TRAINED TO HAUL GOLF CLUBS.

This golfer of Greensburgh, Pennsylvania, reckons to have solved the caddy problem. He has trained his Alsatian bitch, *Patty*, to haul his golf-club carriage round the course and even to find his ball. Her advice on which club to play, he considers unreliable.



DESIGNED TO IMPROVE RADIO RECEPTION: THIS STRUCTURE, AT THE END OF THE PIANO-KEYBOARD, LIKE THE EXAGGERATED BODY OF A MANDOLINE, IS CLAIMED BY ITS FRENCH INVENTOR, M. MARTENOT (SEEN HERE) AS A SOUND-REPRODUCER OF EXCEPTIONAL FIDELITY.



A MODERNIST CHURCH WHICH, WHATEVER ITS MERITS, MUST SUGGEST TO THOUSANDS A GLORIFIED NISSEN HUT: A NEW CHURCH AND COMMUNITY CENTRE NEAR BRISTOL.

This remarkable structure, which is expected to cost £6000, has been designed by a Bristol architect to serve as a combined church and community centre at the Lawrence Weston estate near Bristol. Some examples of this style of church architecture have been erected in the south-west United States and in Southern France.

A CASCADE OF LAVA FROM GREAT MAUNA LOA, AND SOME CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN ENDEAVOUR.



LAVA FROM MAUNA LOA, ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST VOLCANOES, RECENTLY IN ERUPTION, POURS OVER THE CLIFF NEAR PAHOEHOE AND DROPS 100 FT. INTO THE SEA.

On June 1 Mauna Loa, the huge Hawaiian volcano, erupted in what was believed to be the largest outpouring of lava for seventy years. The lava burst out from the south-west flank of the volcano and flowed twenty-five miles to reach the sea.



HONOURED AT A FRENCH AIR FÊTE: THREE STUFFED PIGEONS WHICH SERVED AT VERDUN IN WORLD WAR I.

The stuffed pigeons shown here were exhibited at the recent National Air Fête at Orly Airfield. They were used for communication between the besieged forts at Verdun in World War I., and attracted much attention from the crowd of 300,000 spectators of the air displays, in which R.A.F. Fighter Command jet *Meteors* took part.



A "HOLLYWOOD BOWL"-STYLE CINEMA THEATRE FOR BERLIN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WALDBUHNE STADIUM DURING THE FIRST PERFORMANCE.

On June 11 there was opened at the Waldbühne Stadium, in West Berlin, an open picture theatre which is claimed to be the biggest open-air theatre in Europe. There were about 20,000 spectators in the audience for the opening performance, at which was shown the U.S. colour film "Robin Hood." It stands near the West Berlin power station.



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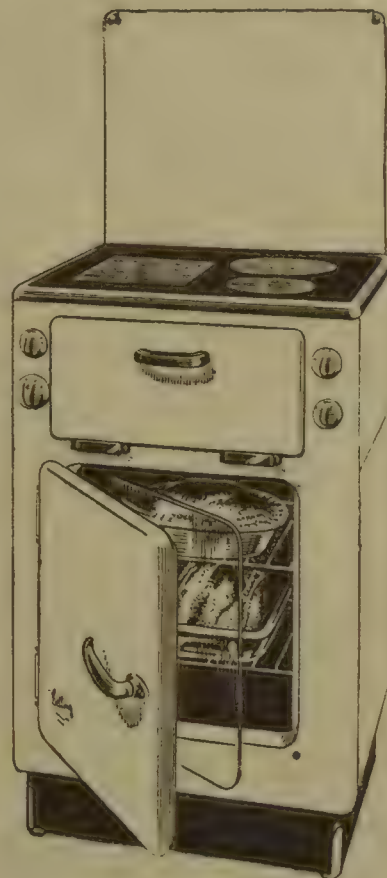
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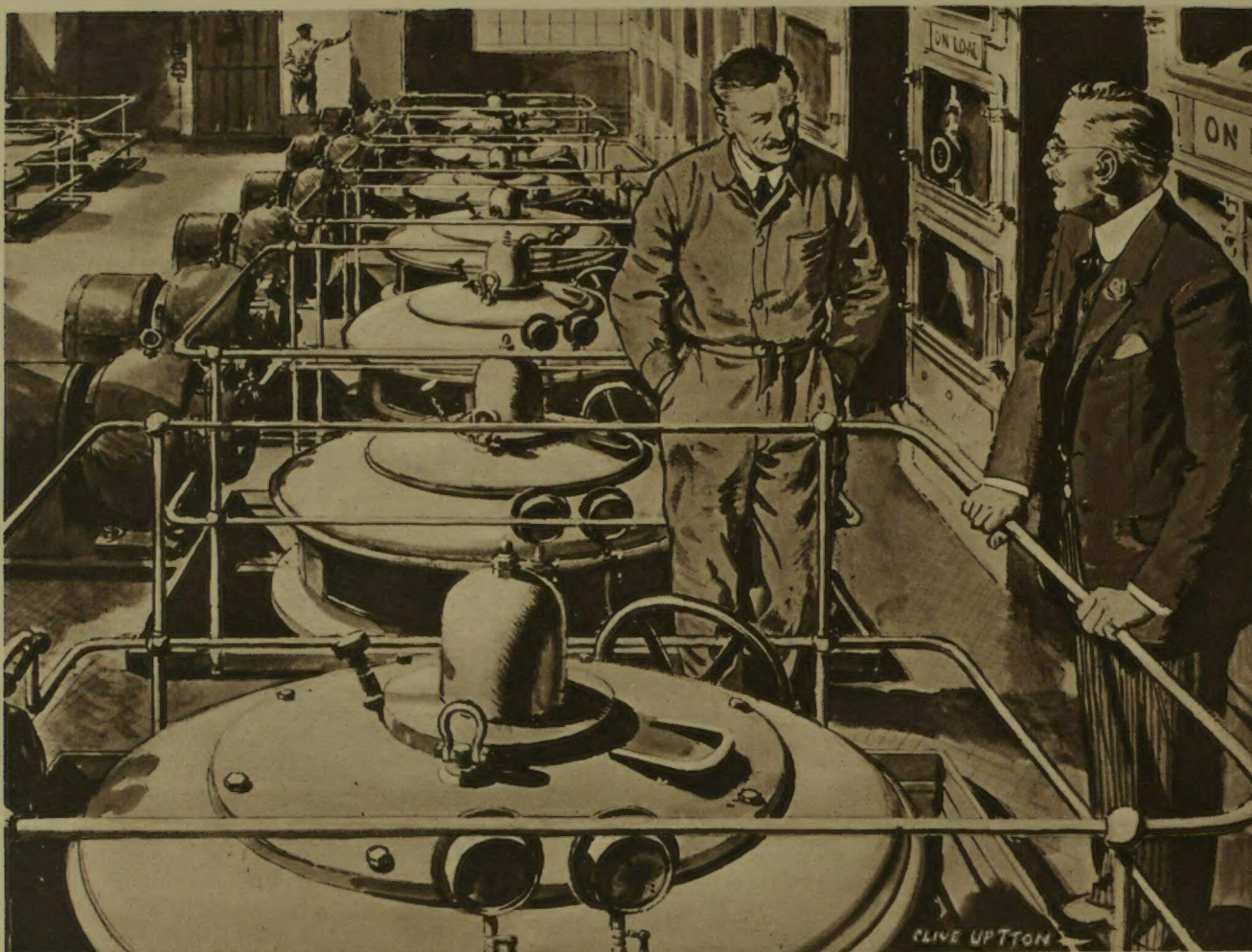
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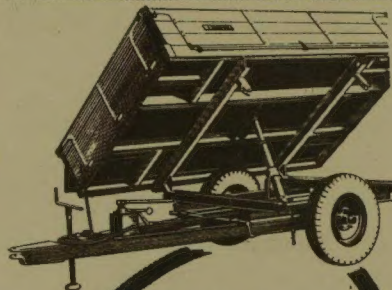
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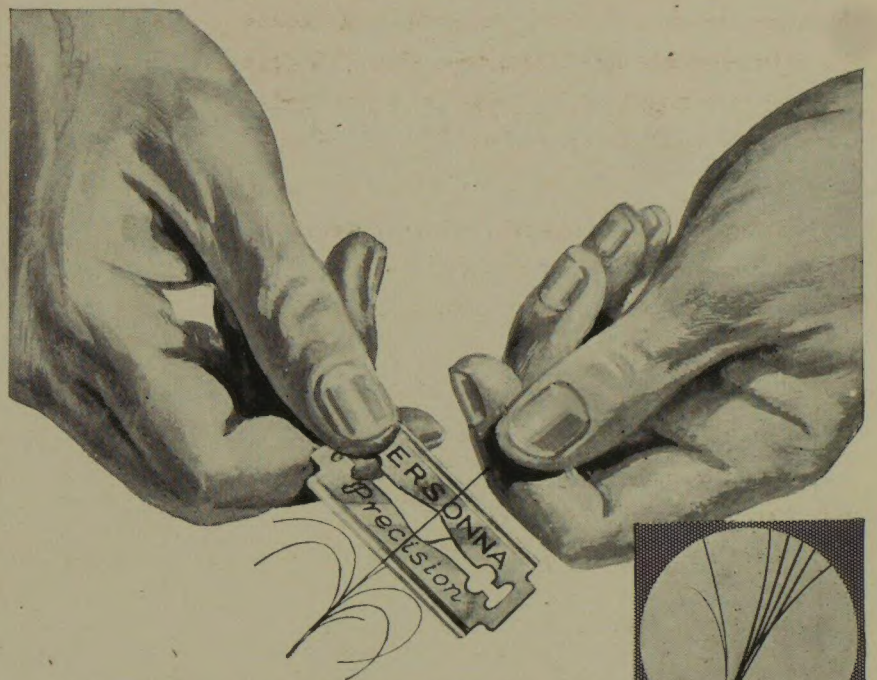
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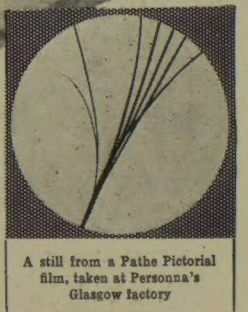
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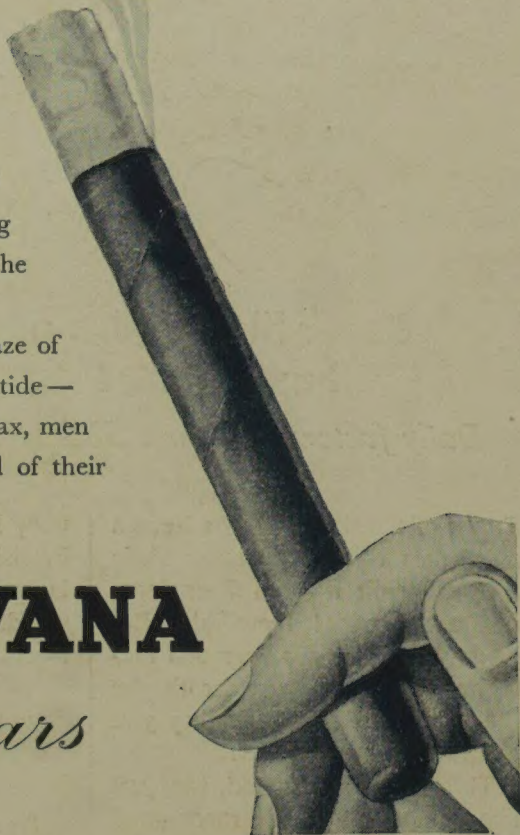


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